



# DINO

NO. 19 NOV  
00024 76/CDC  
**30¢** UK 10P



ALL NEW

The **FLINTSTONES** STARRING

# DINO

a Hanna-Barbera Production

CHARLTON  
PUBLICATION



00024





# DINO DINO'S DREAM DOLL

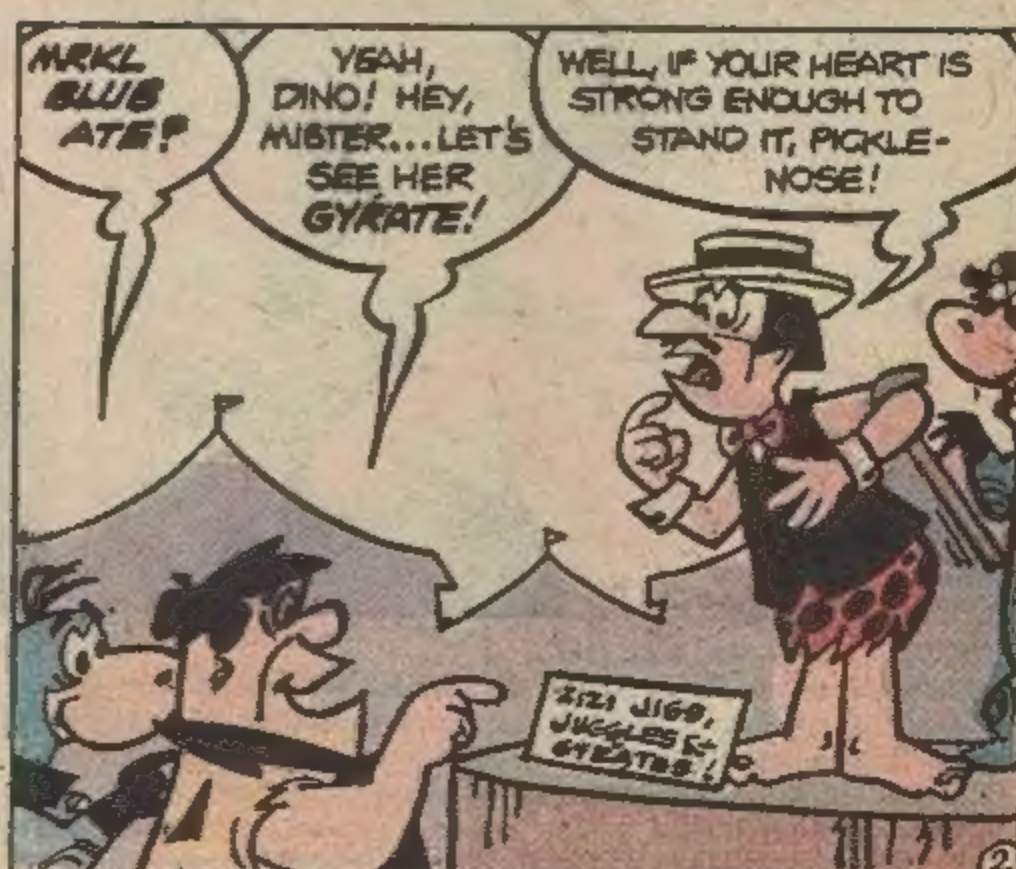
D-6642



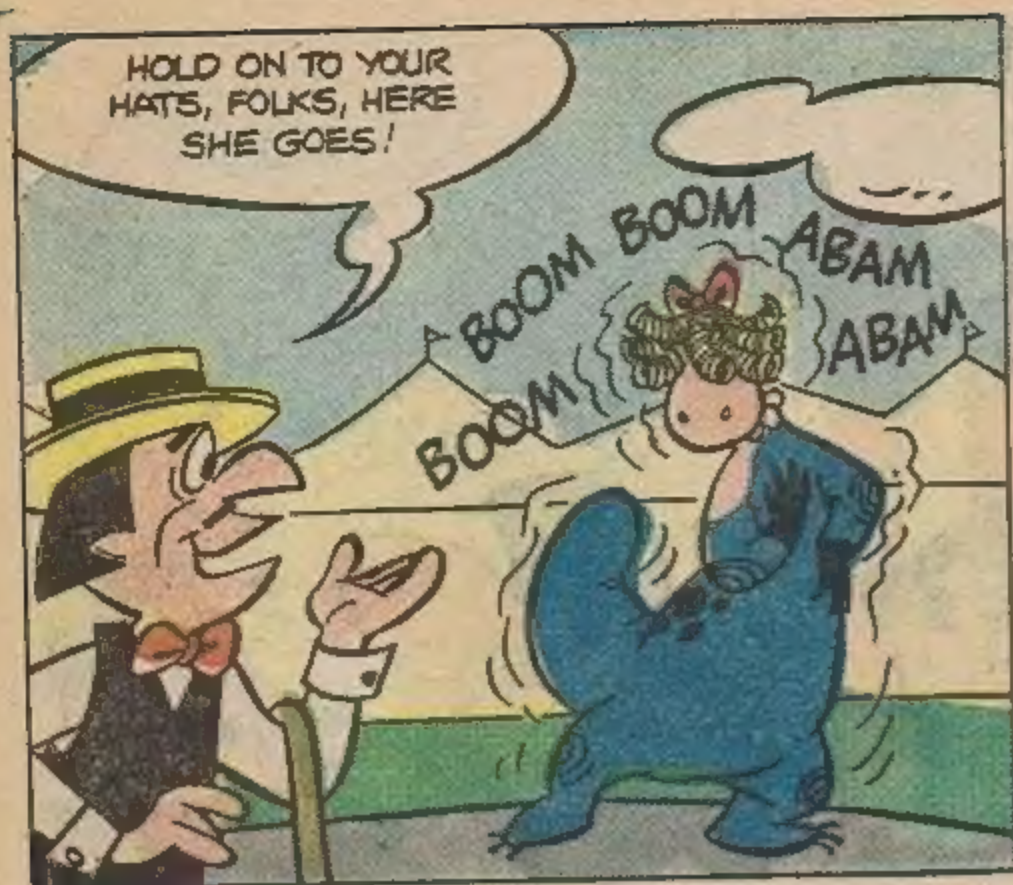
DINO Vol. 4, No. 19, November, 1976.

Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher. George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. 30¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9059). © 1976 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

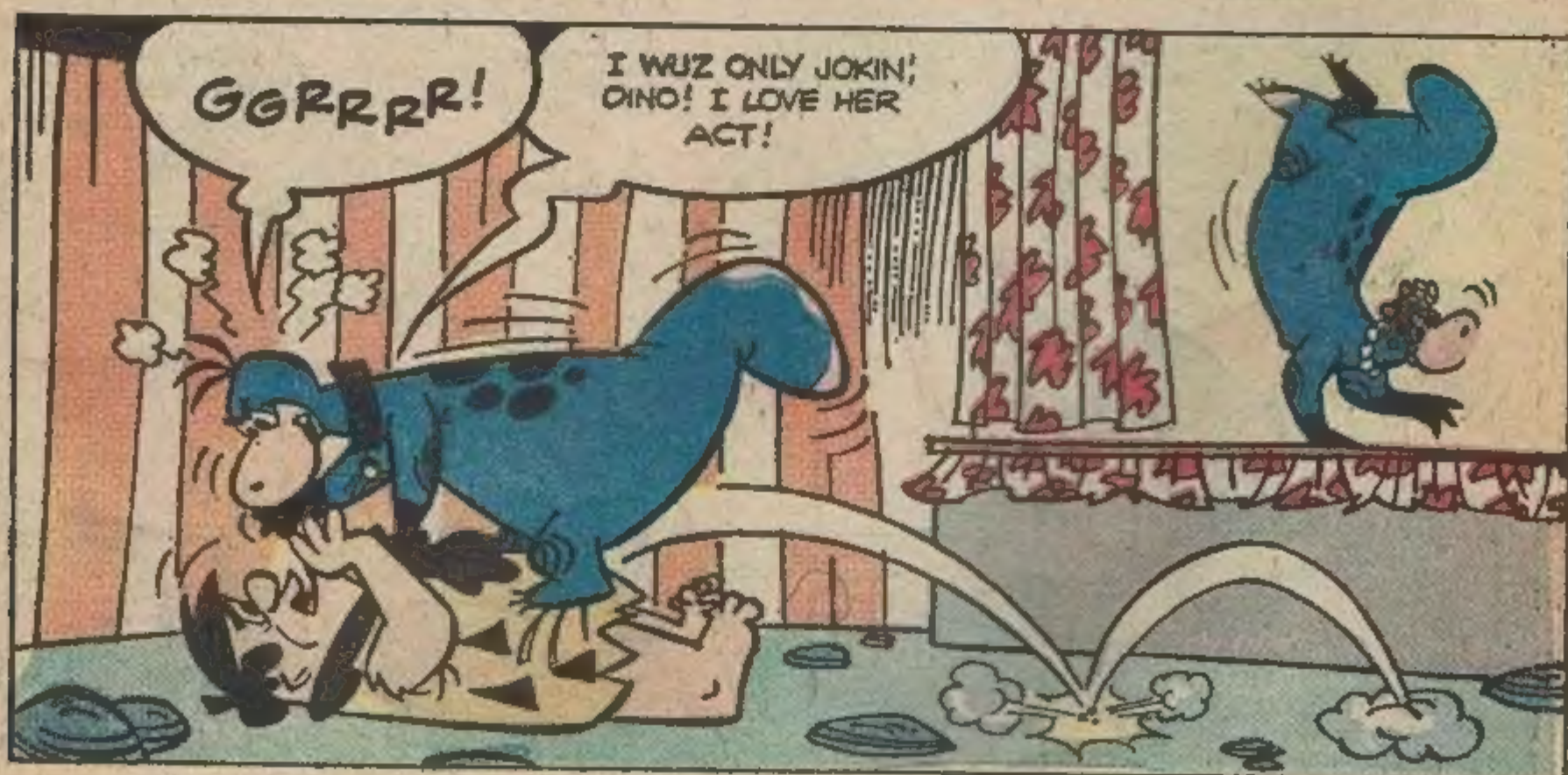












CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

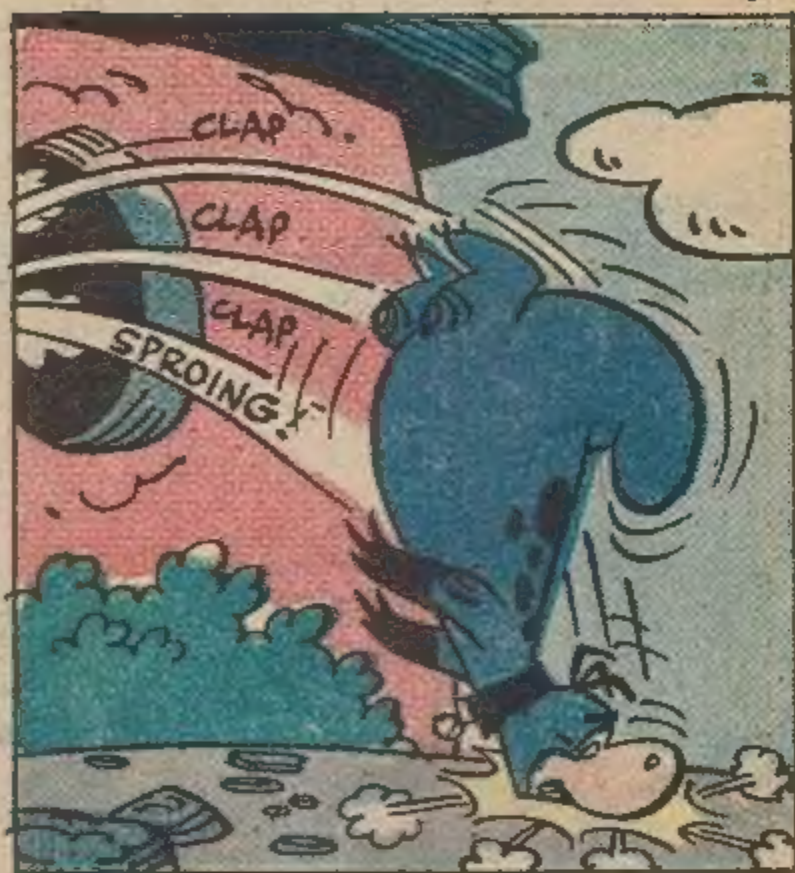








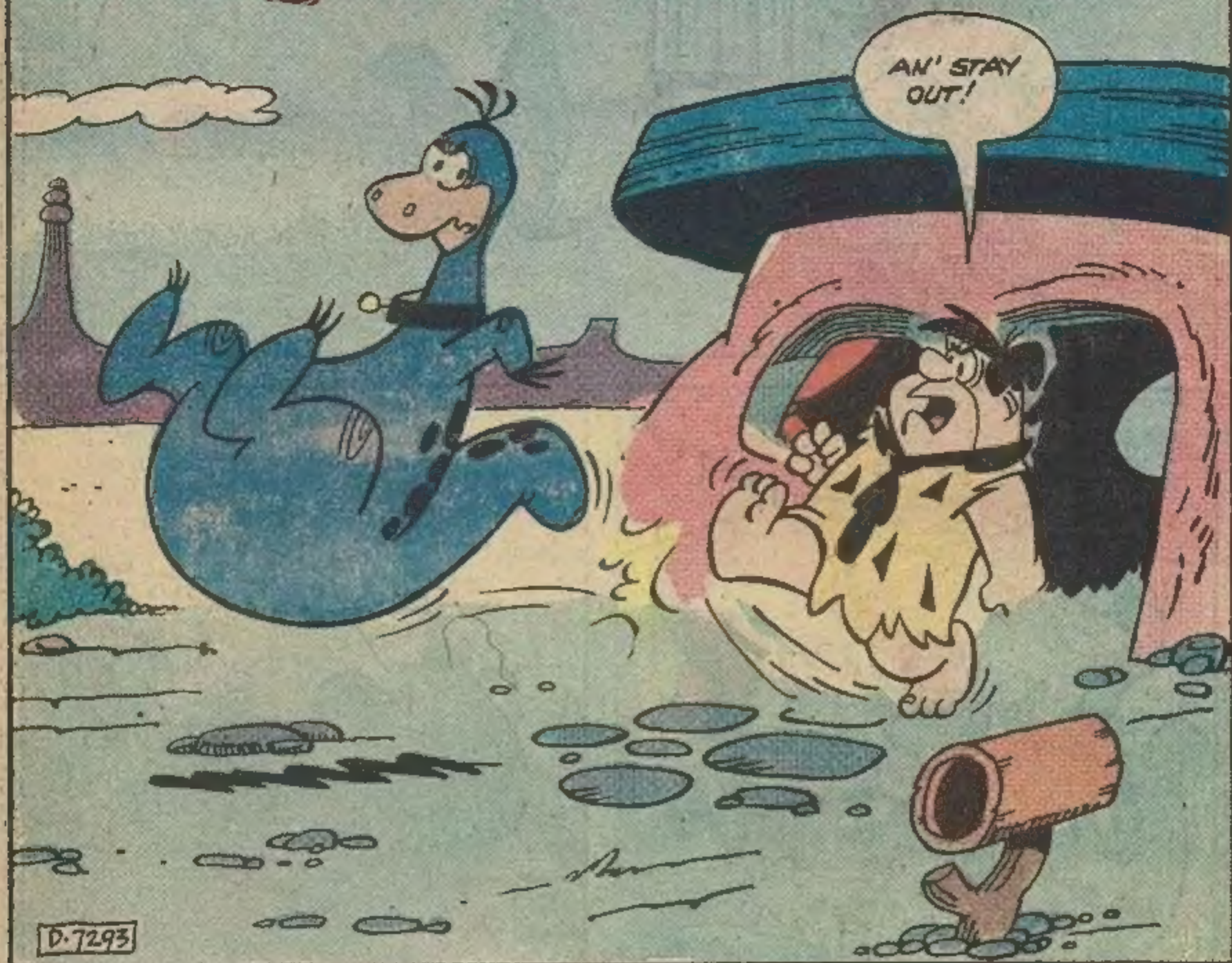






# DINO

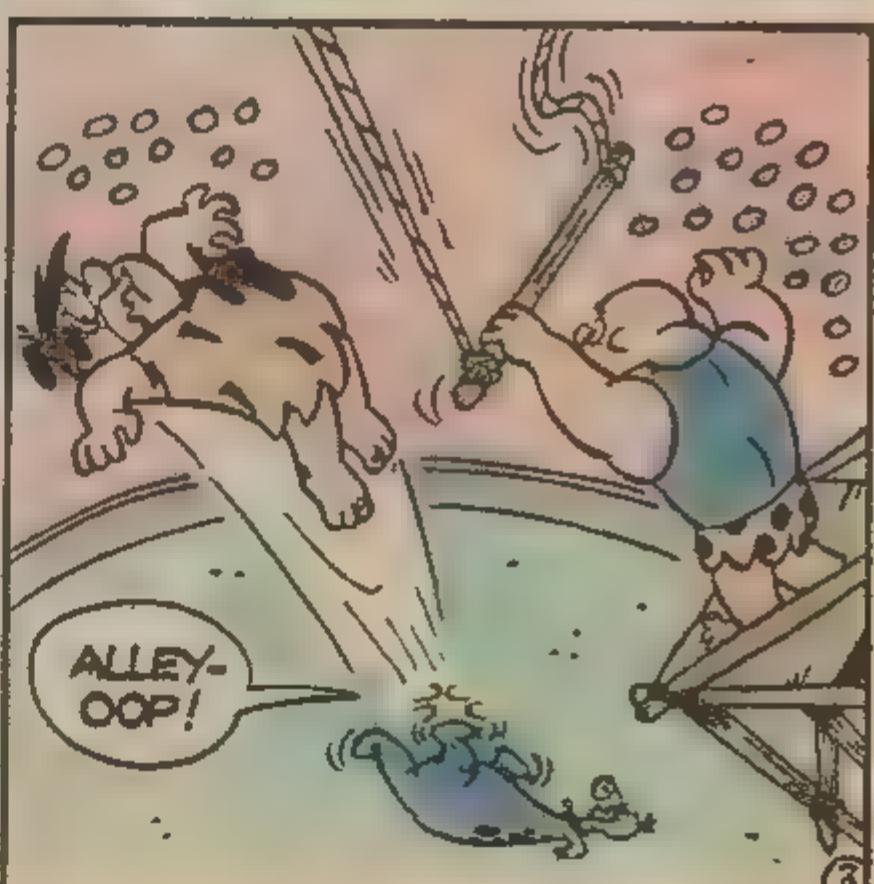
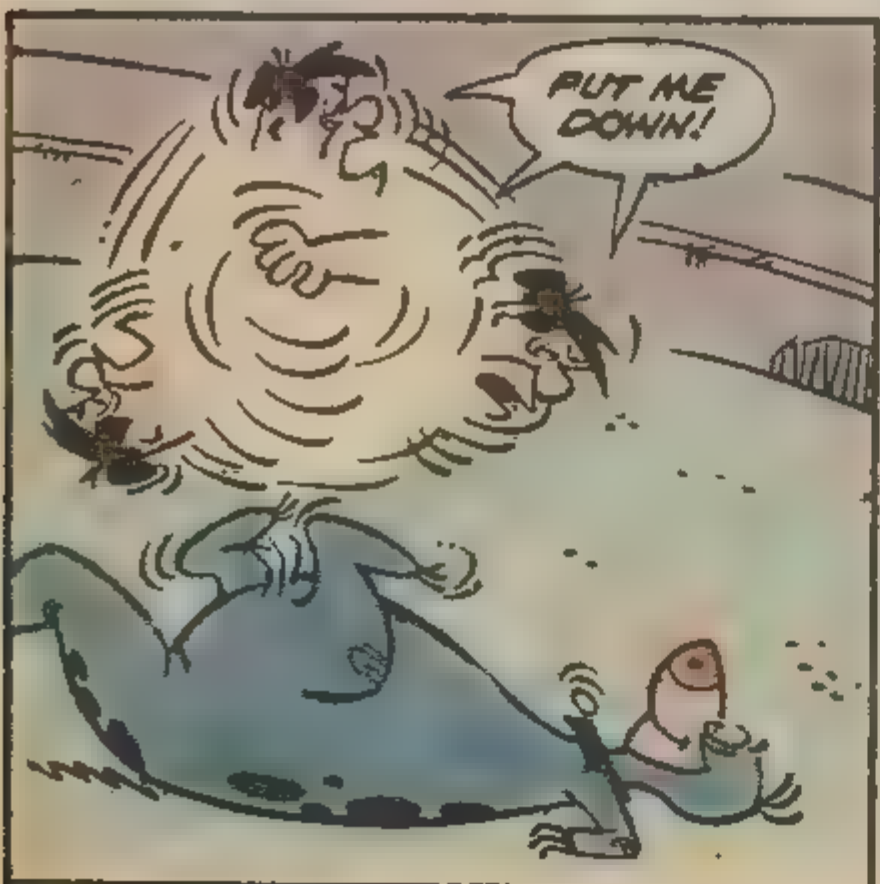
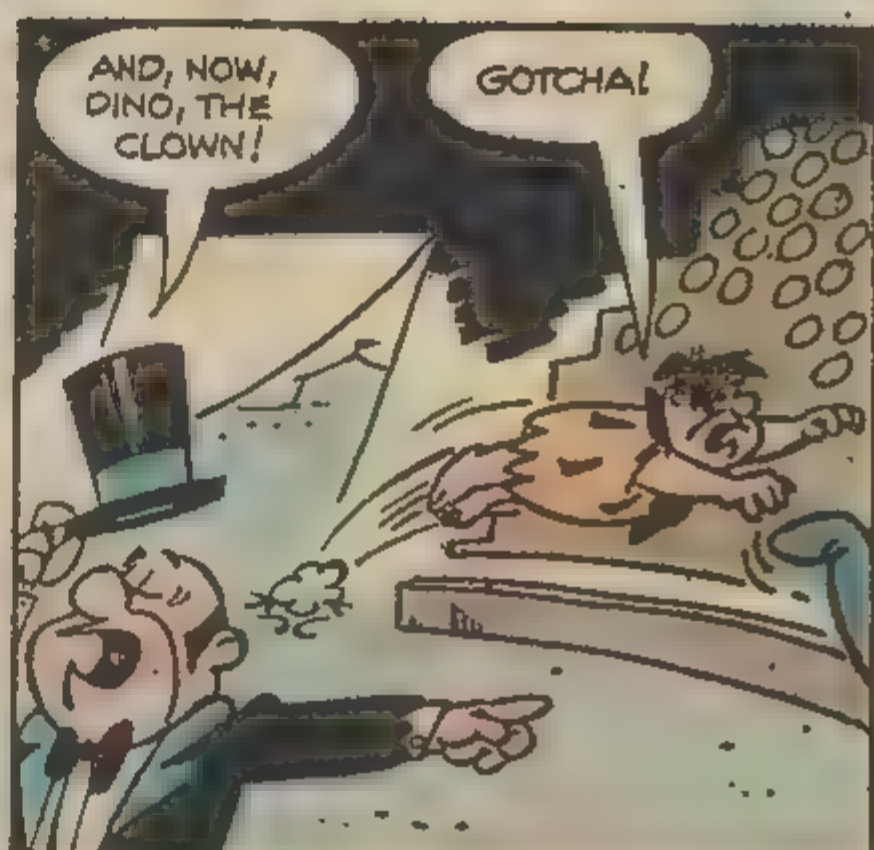
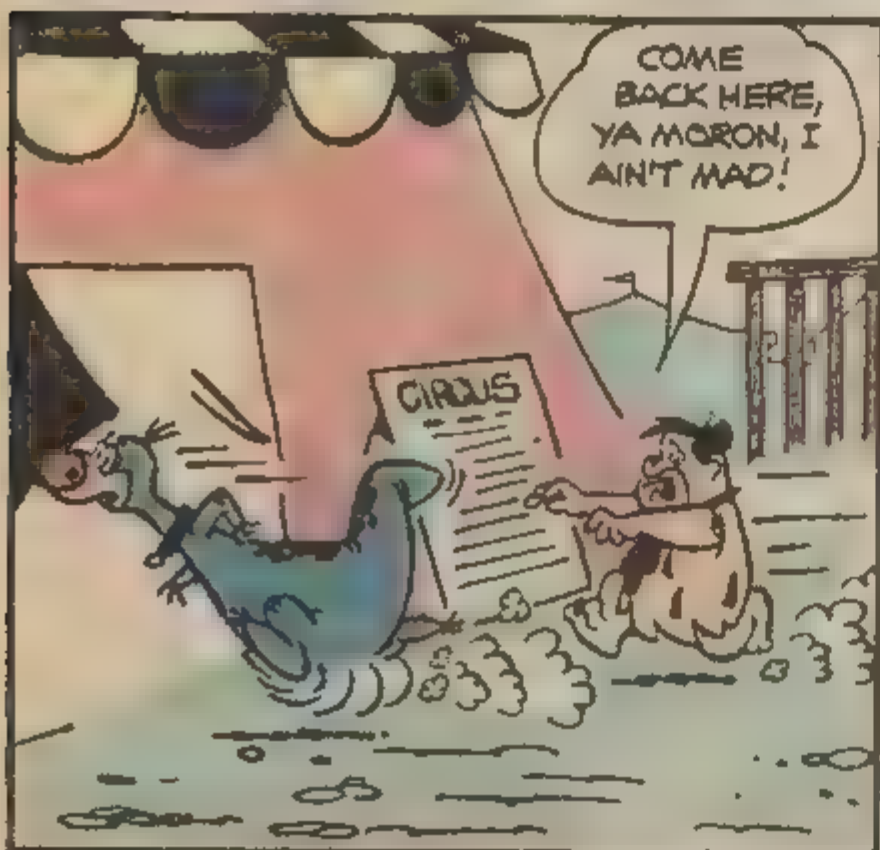
**Bring Him Back Alive!**





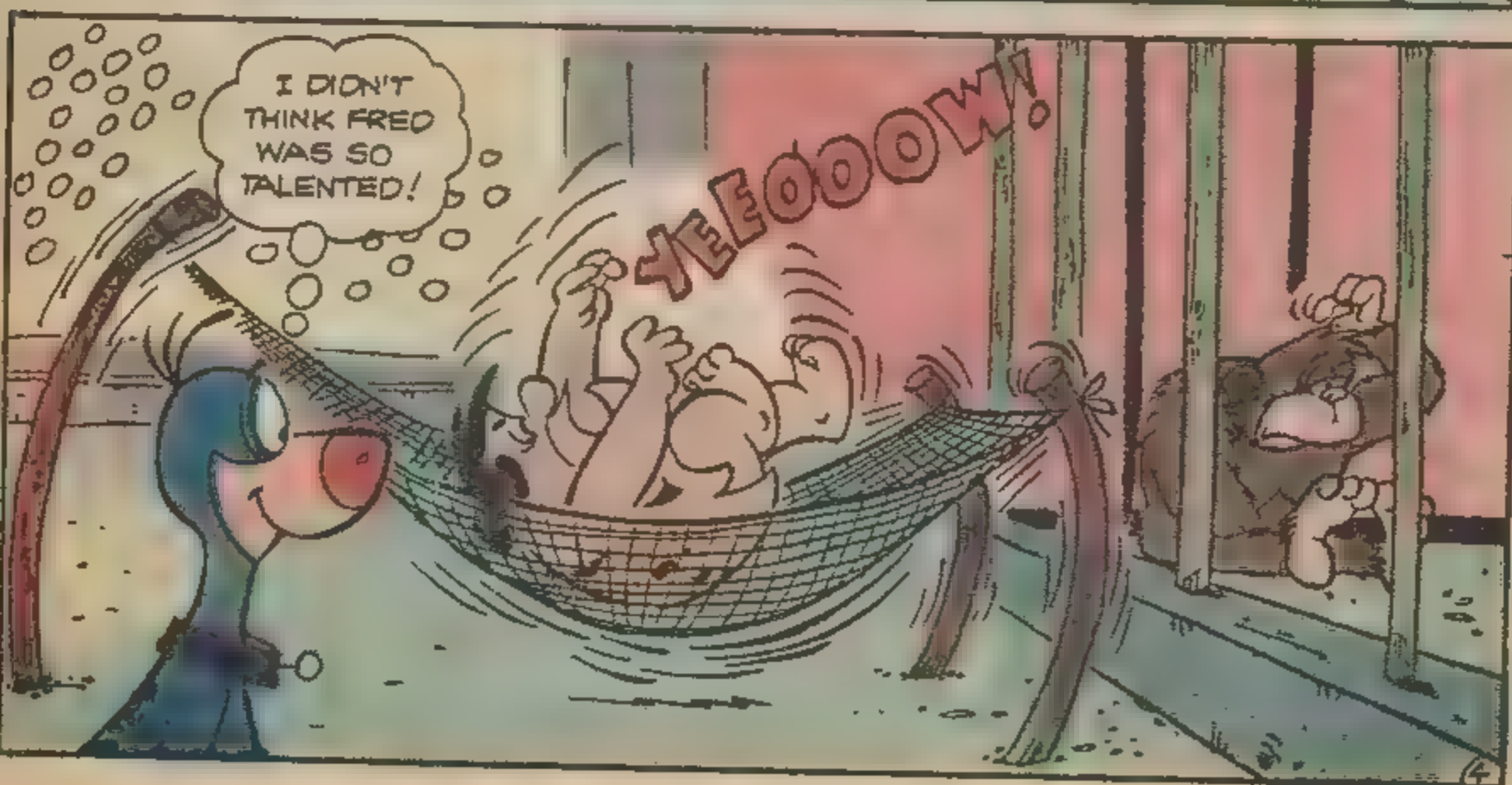
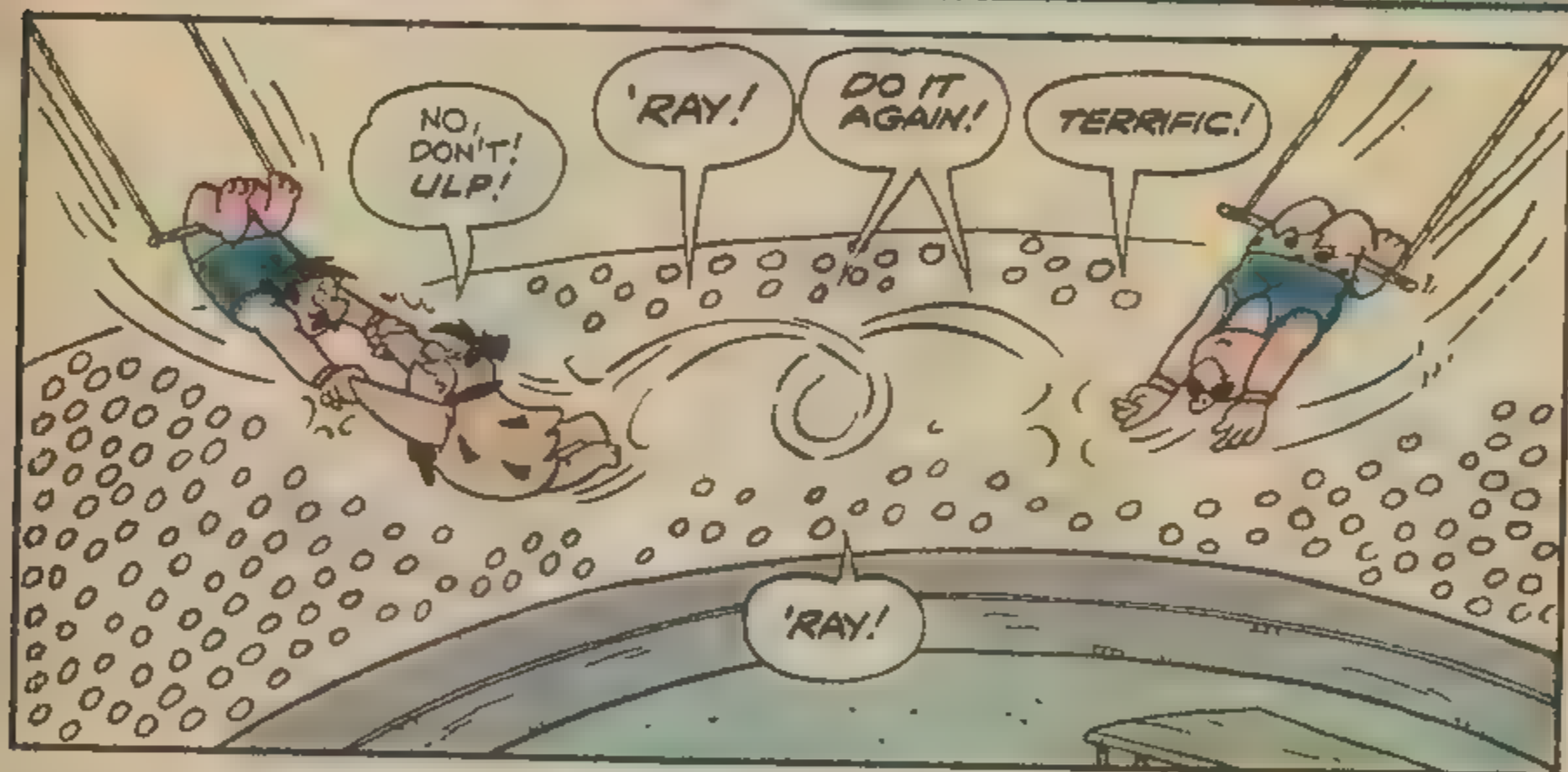
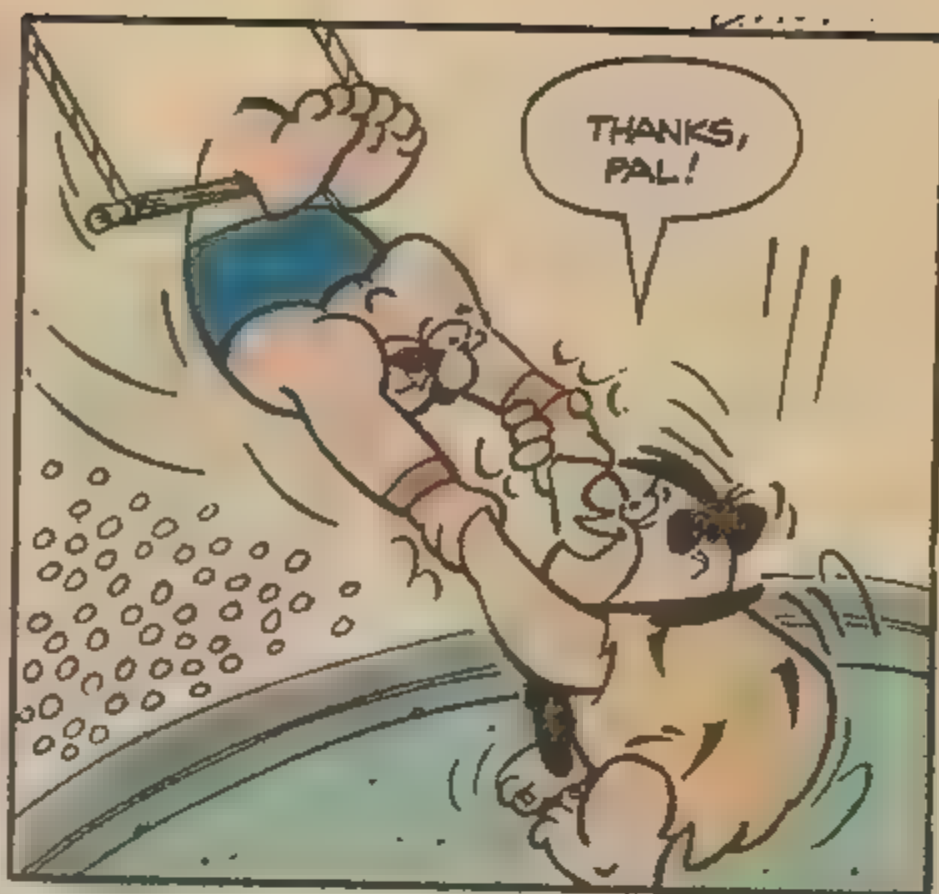
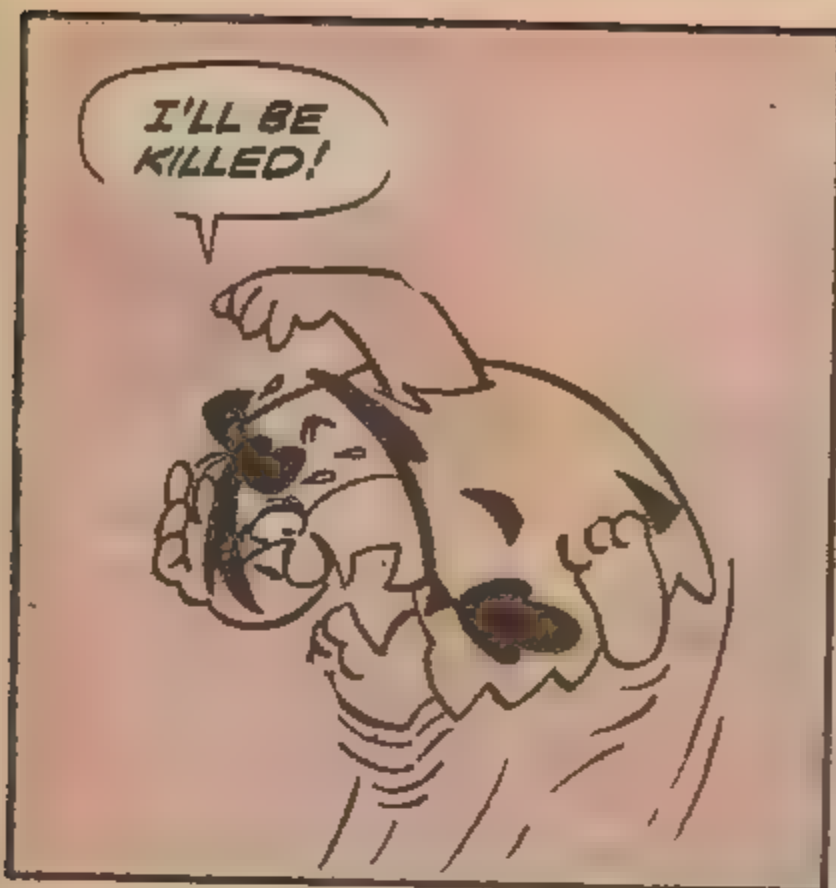




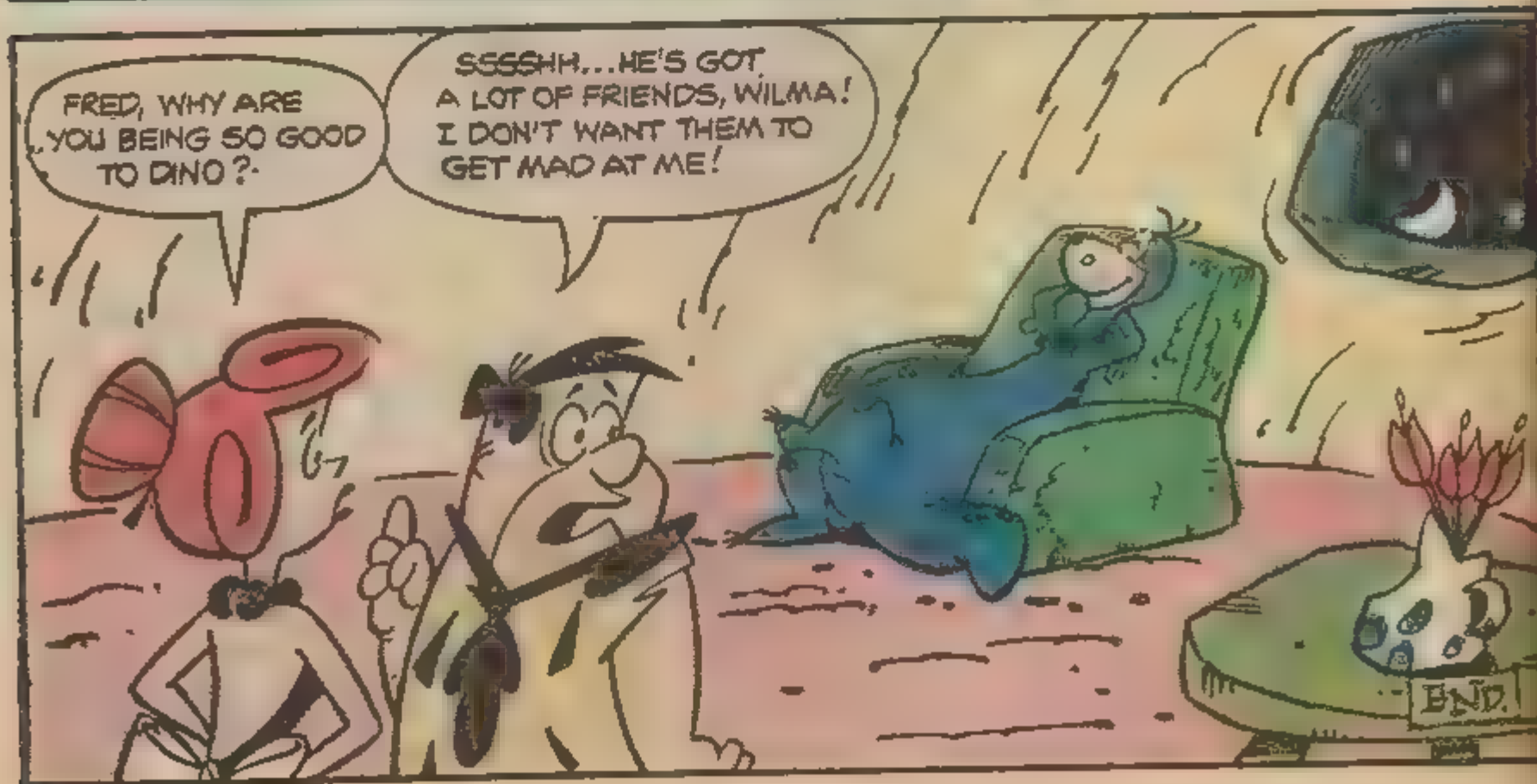
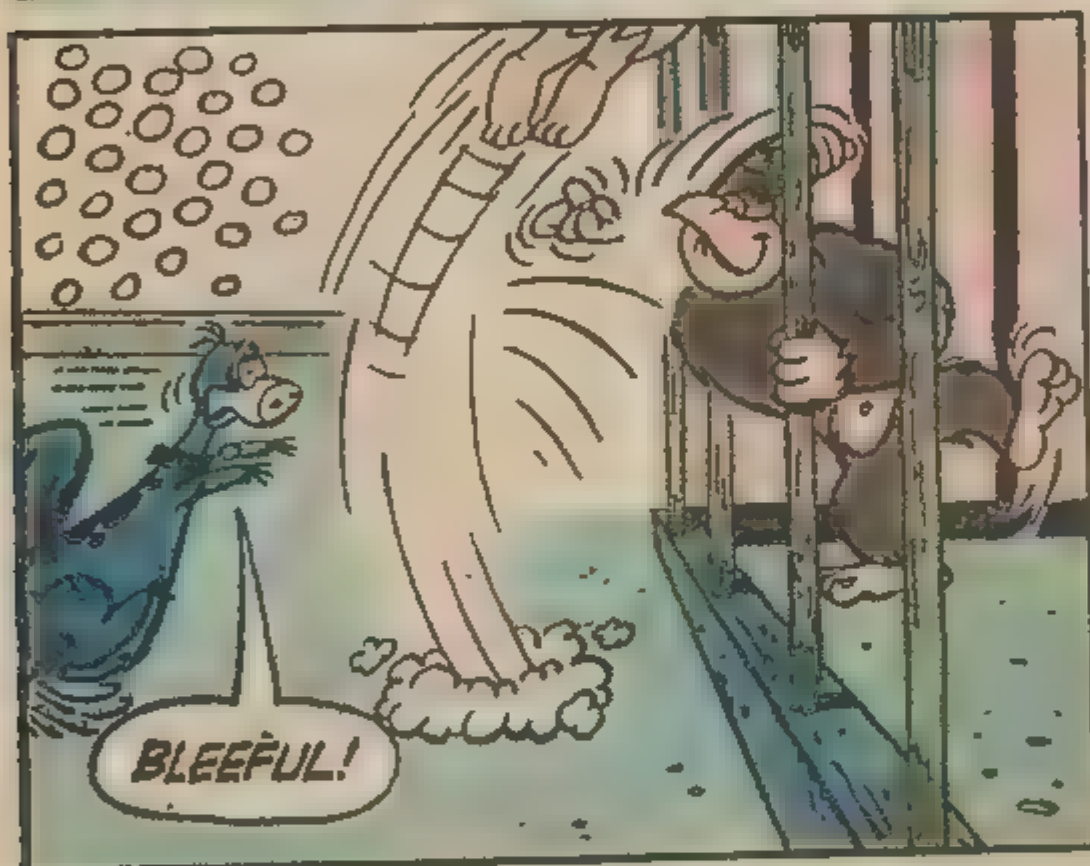
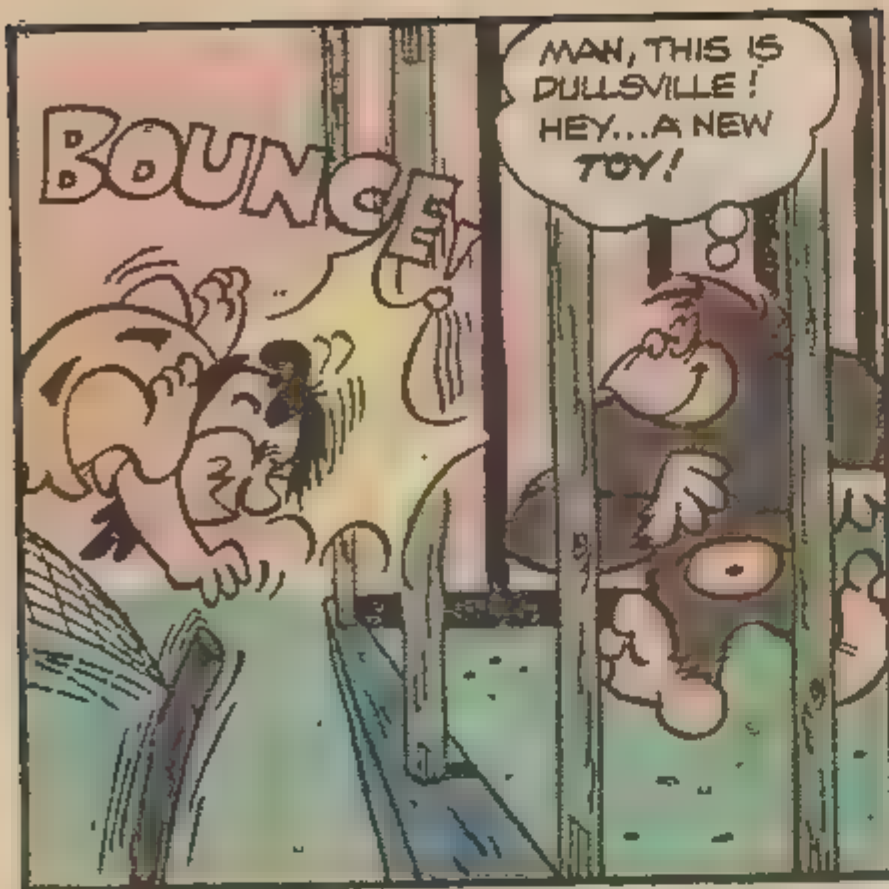


CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE











FRED WILL BE  
PLEASED WHEN  
HE SEES THIS  
FLOWER LEI  
I MADE FOR  
HIM!

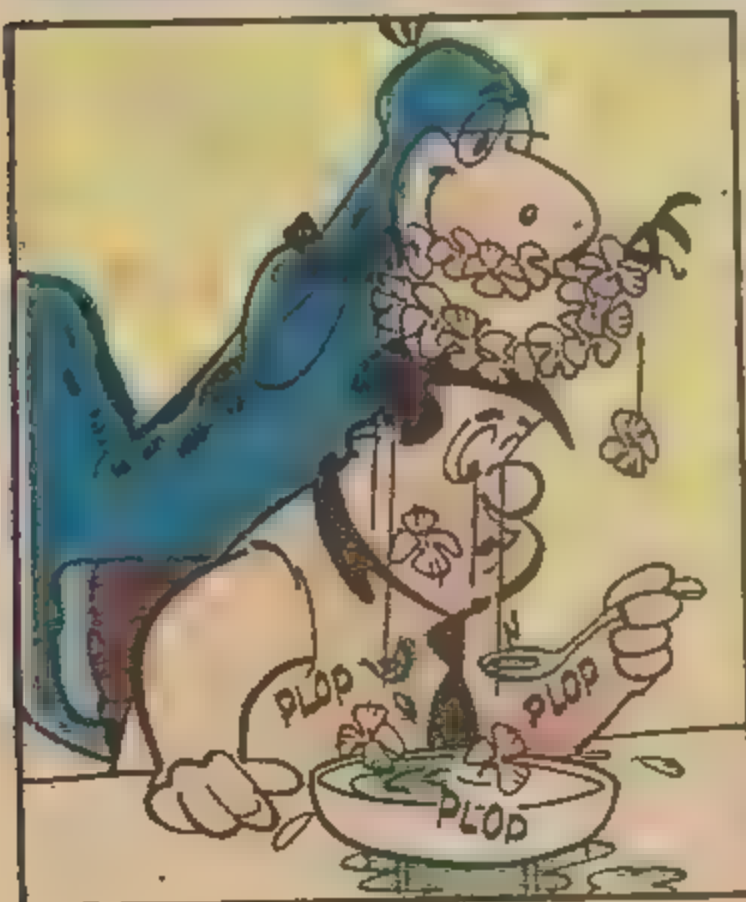
**DINO**

in

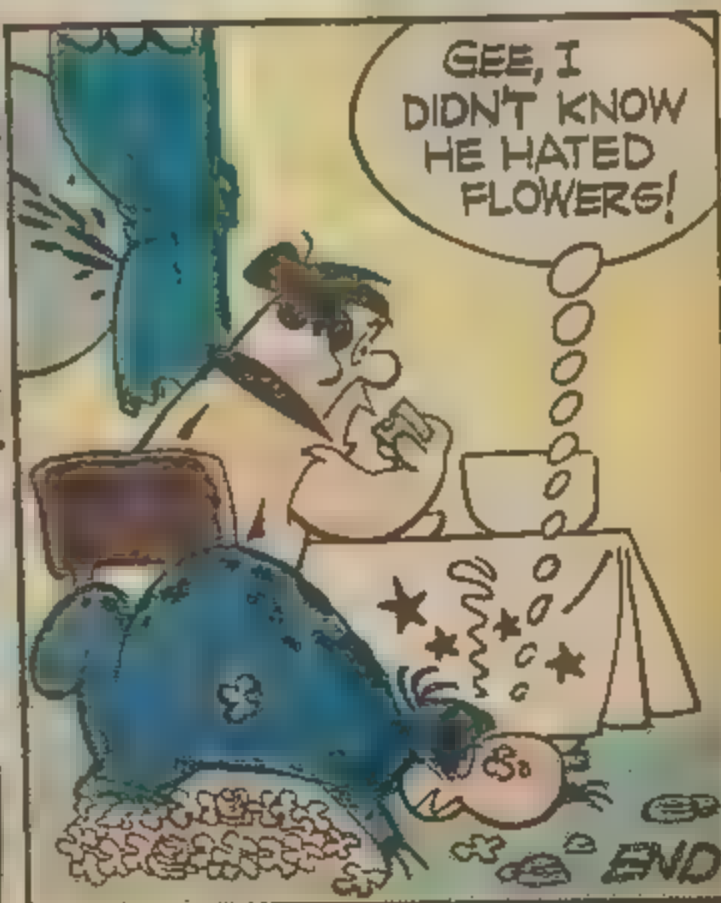
"OH  
**LEI!**"



D-7778



**POW  
POW  
KICK  
WHAM  
WHAM  
WHAM**





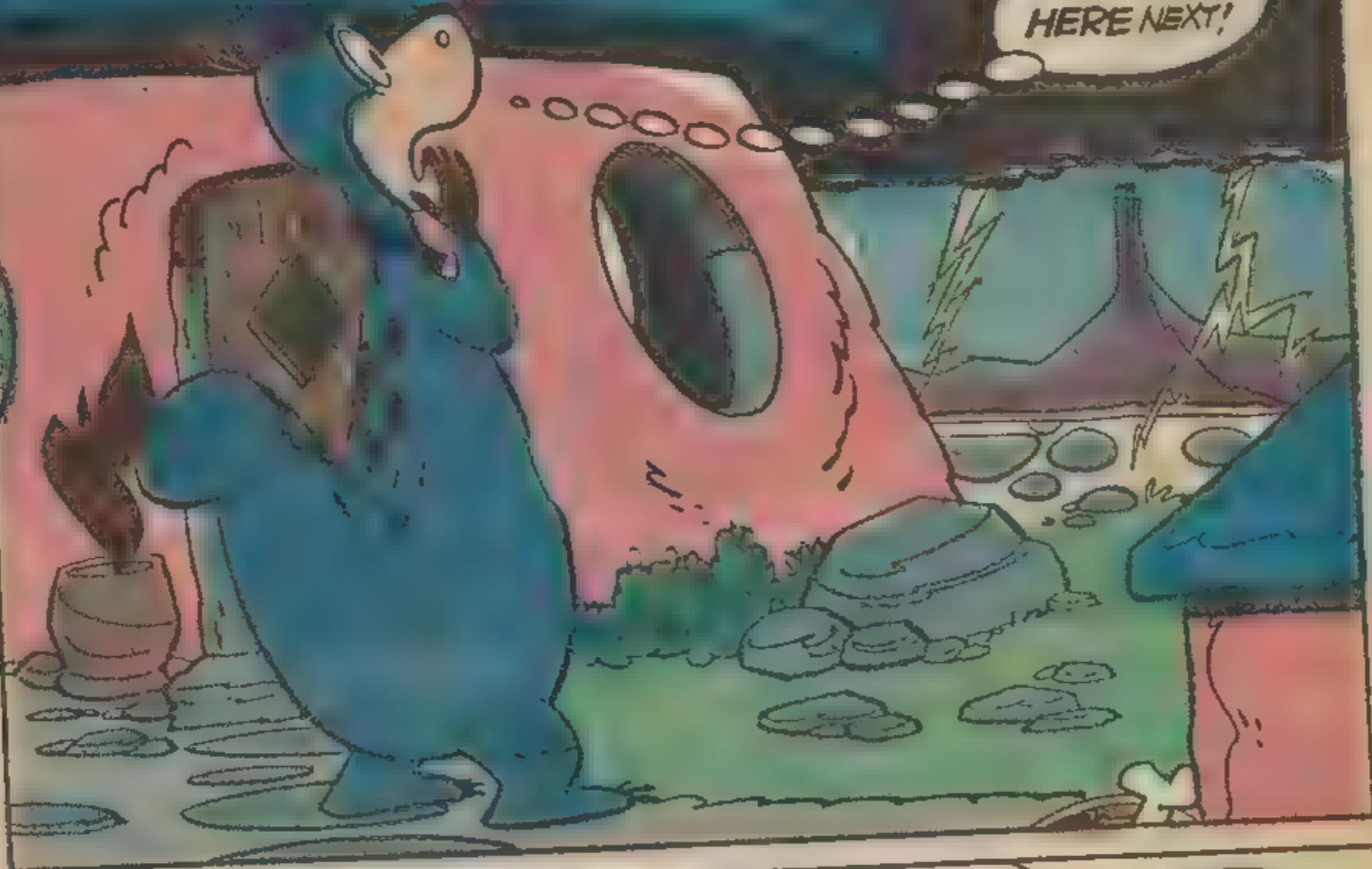
# DINO

IN

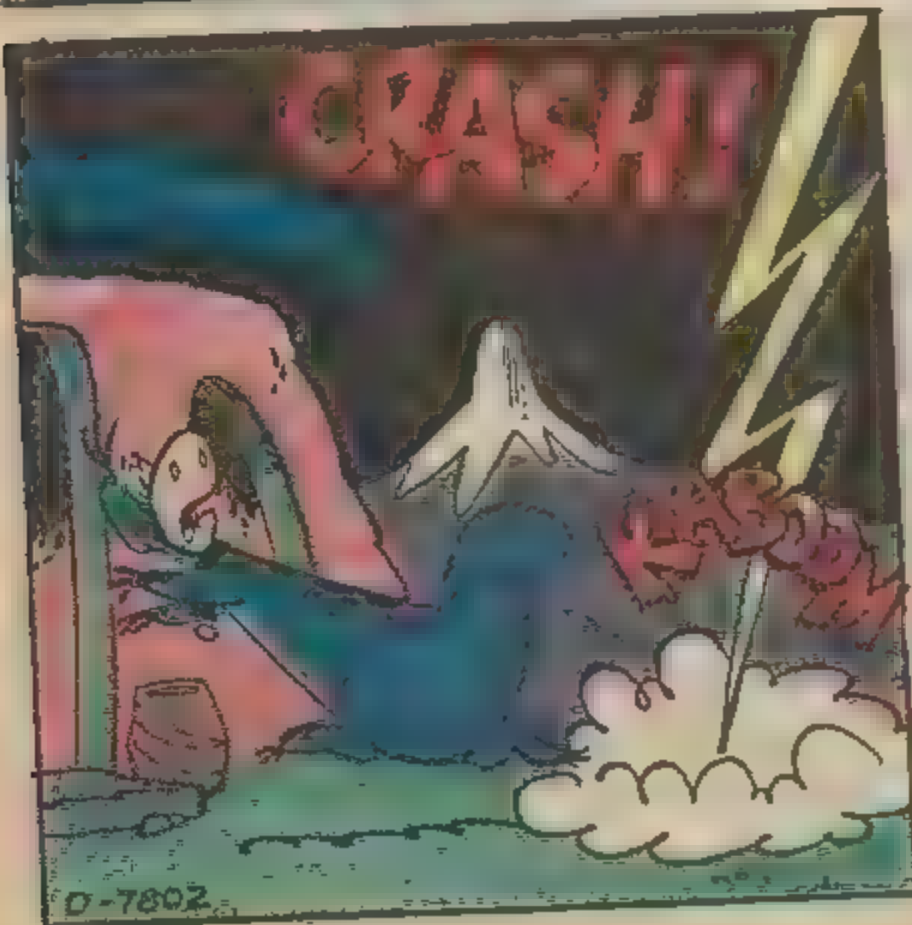
# Dino's Revenge

## YEEHOOOWWWWWW

IT'LL HIT  
HERE NEXT!



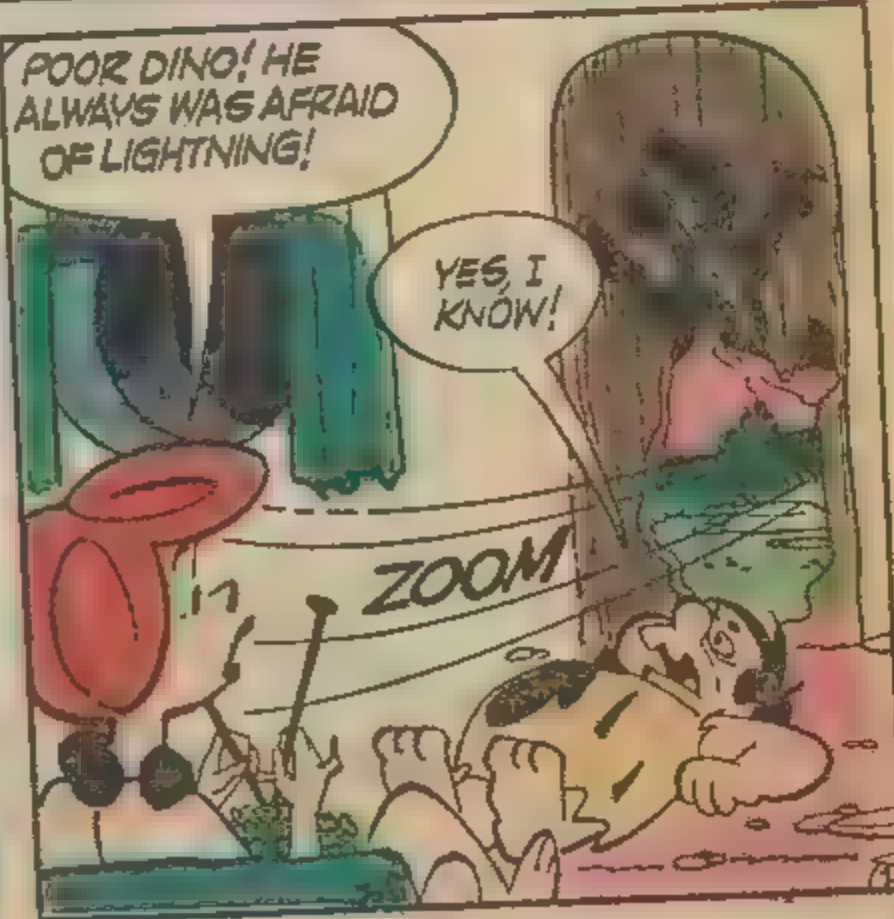
## CRASH!!



POOR DINO! HE  
ALWAYS WAS AFRAID  
OF LIGHTNING!

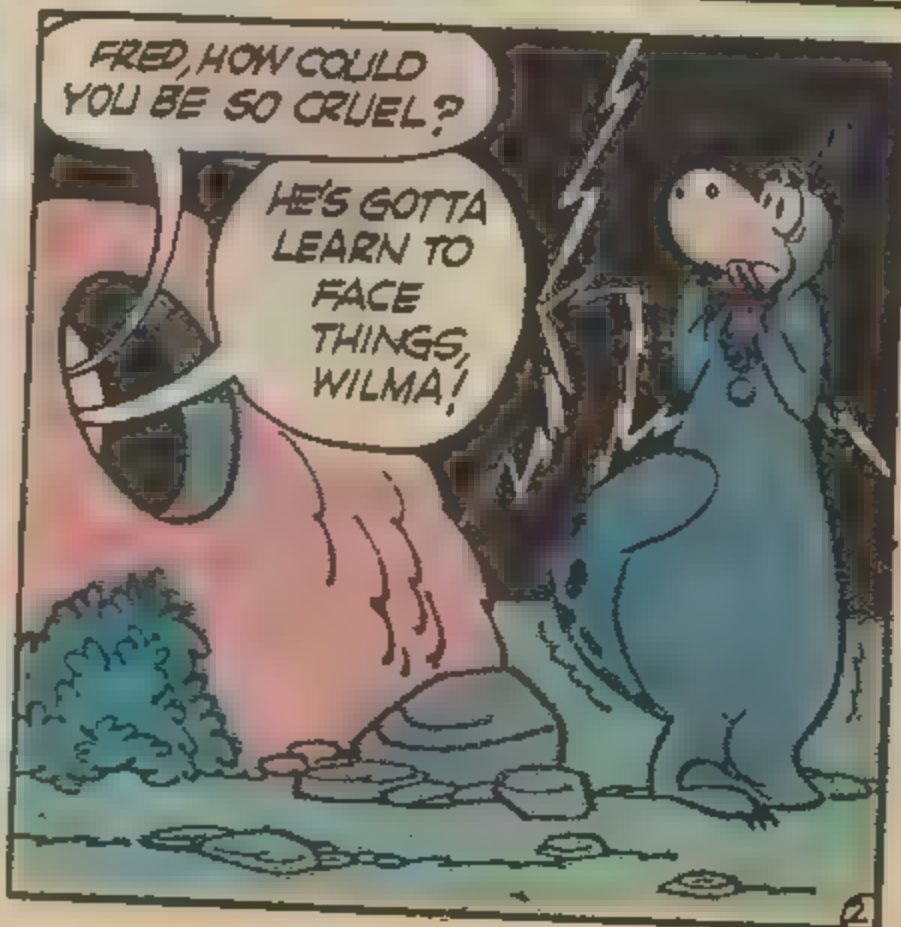
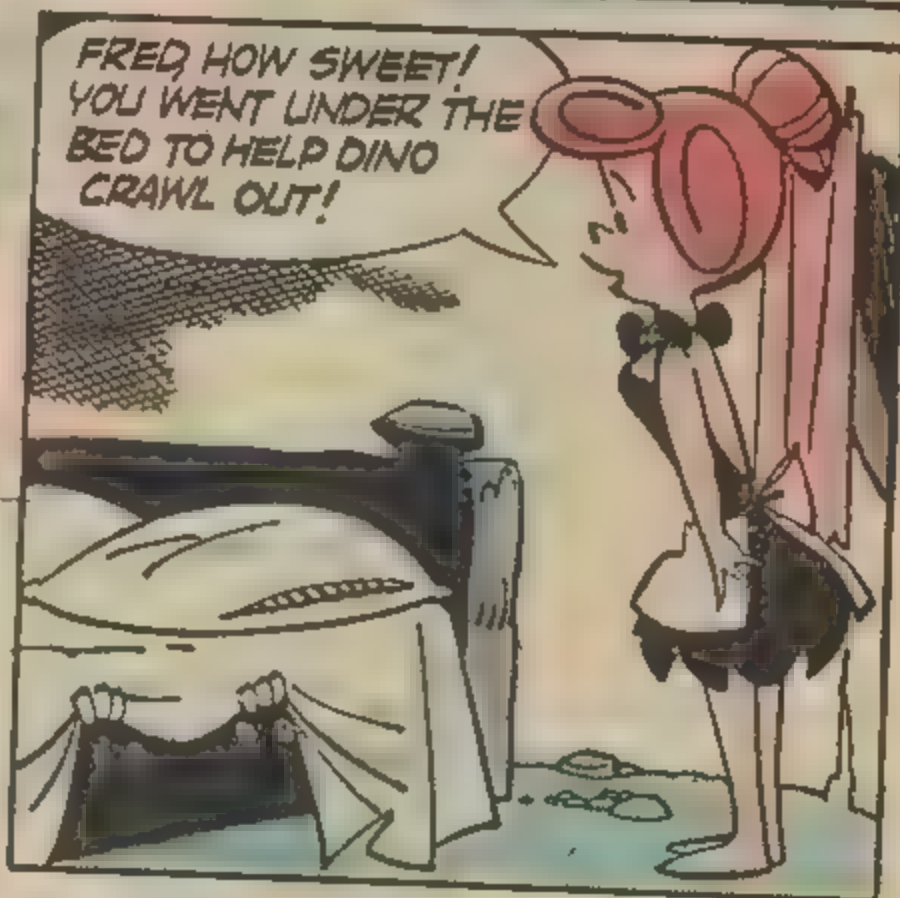
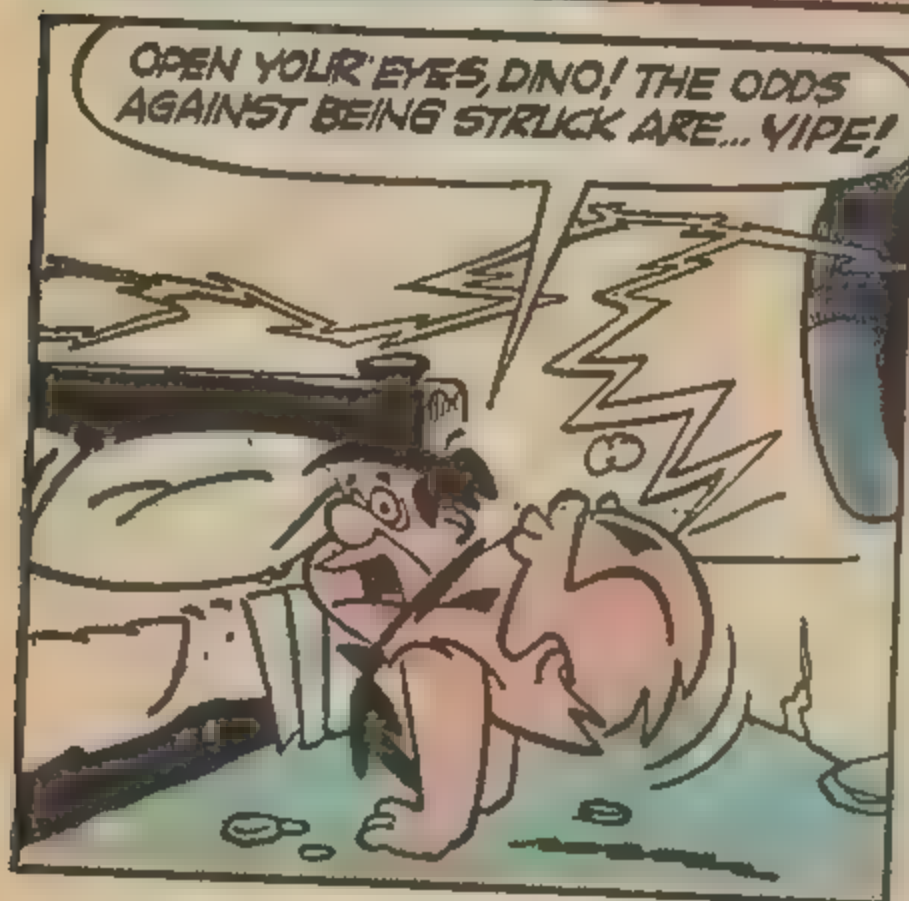
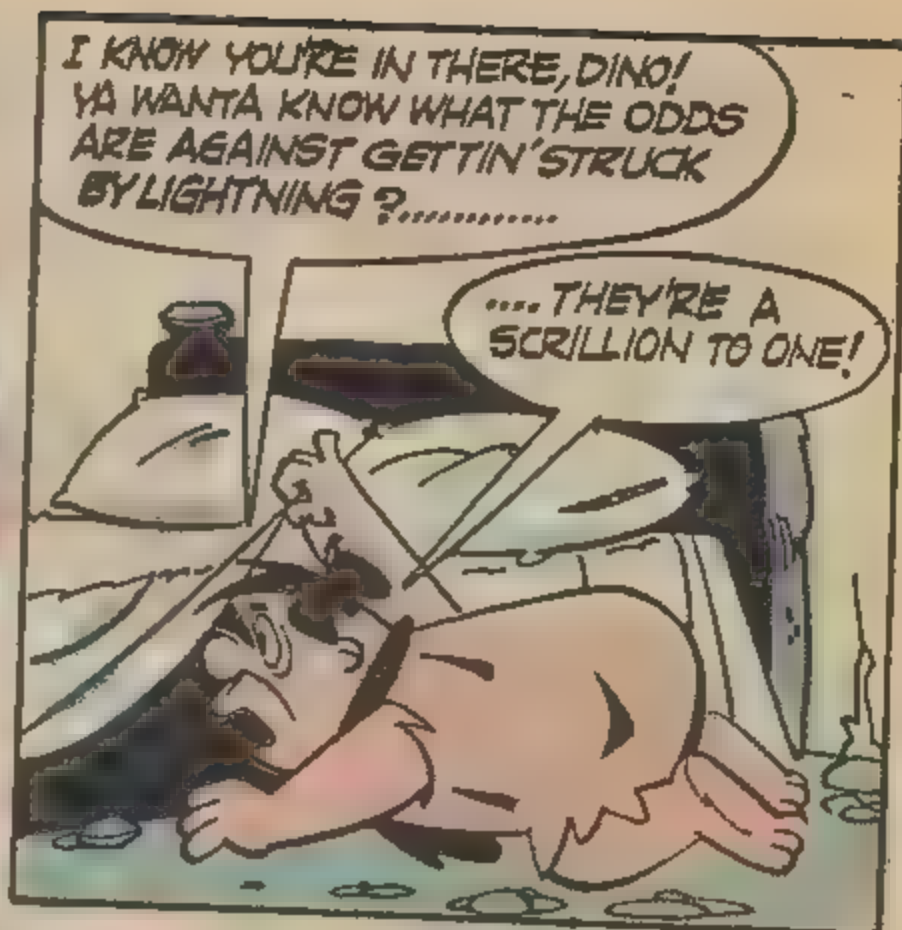
YES, I  
KNOW!

## ZOOM

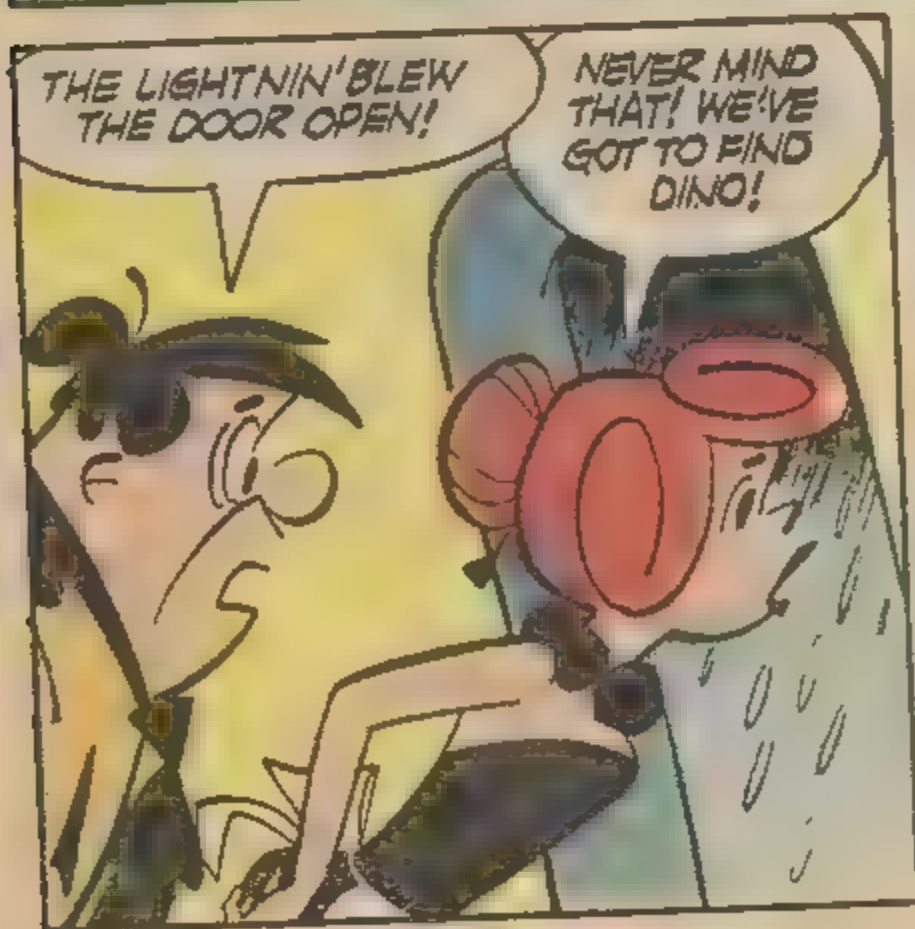
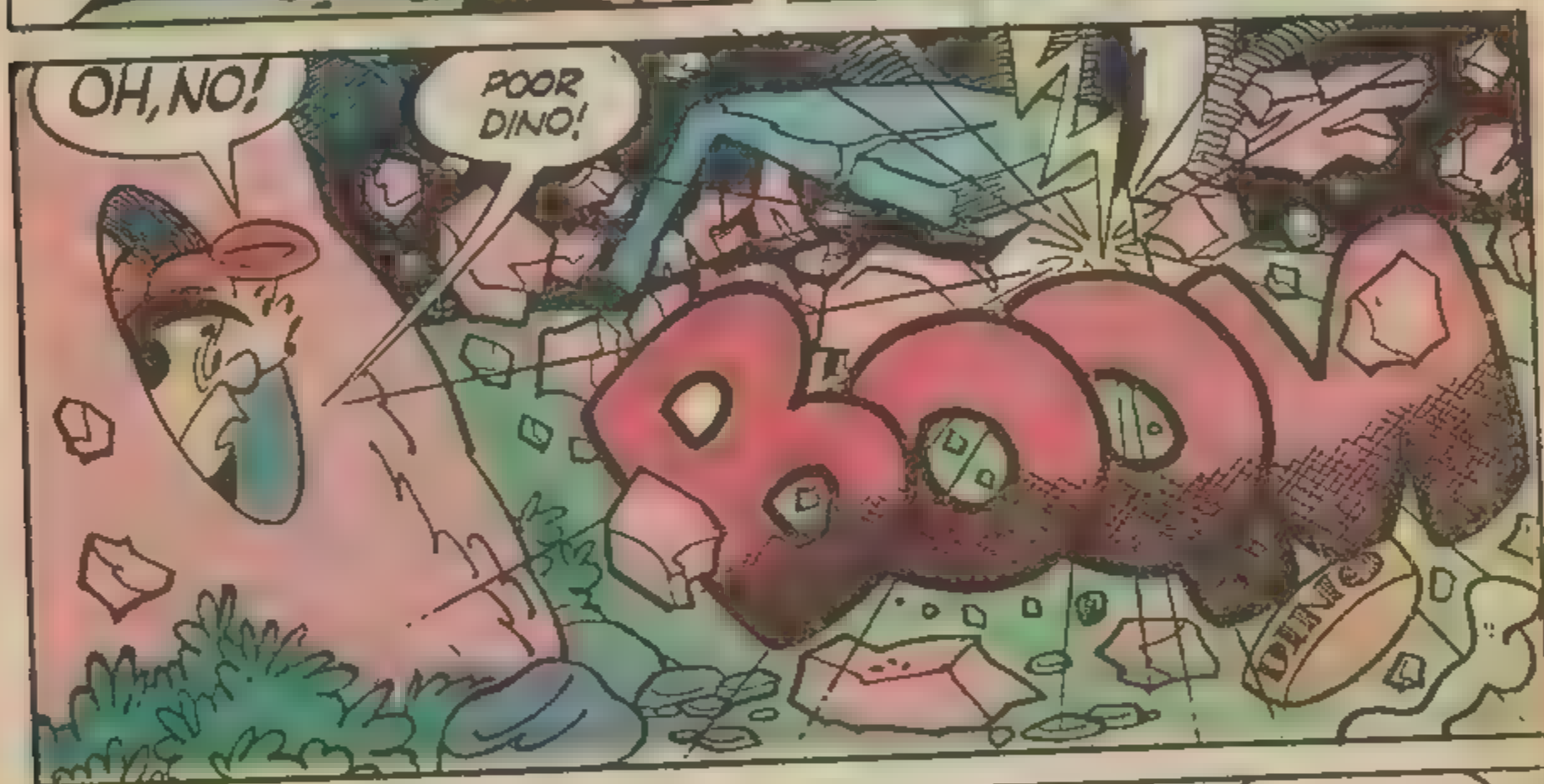
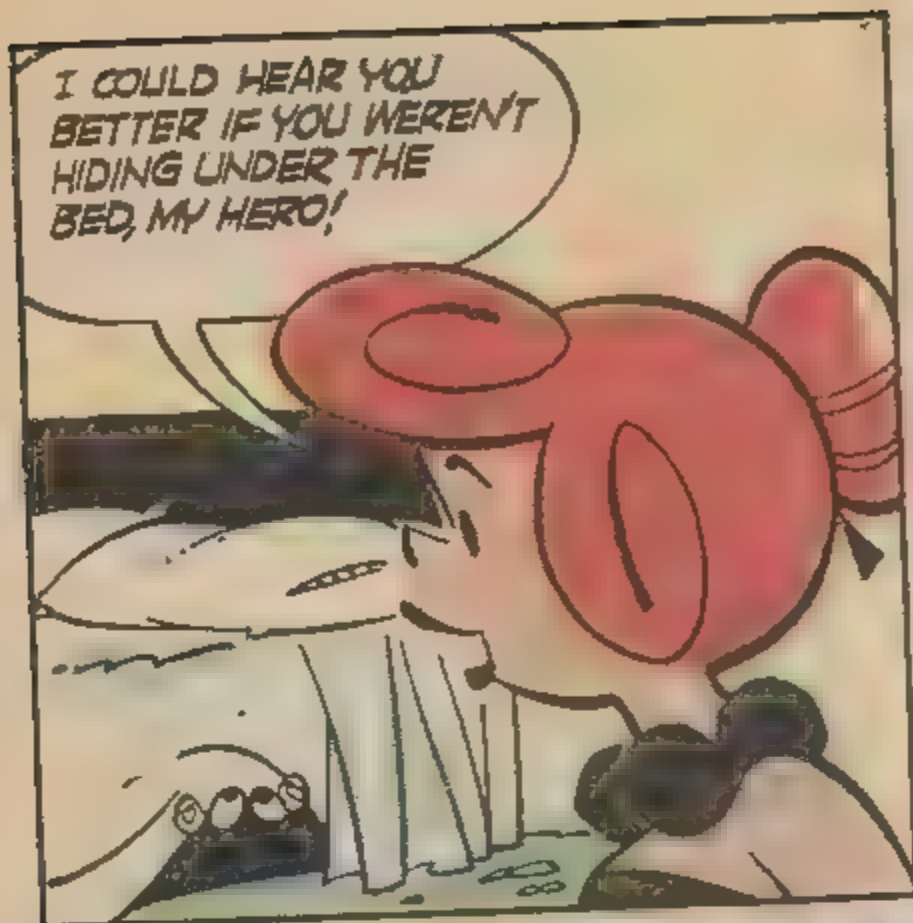


D-7802



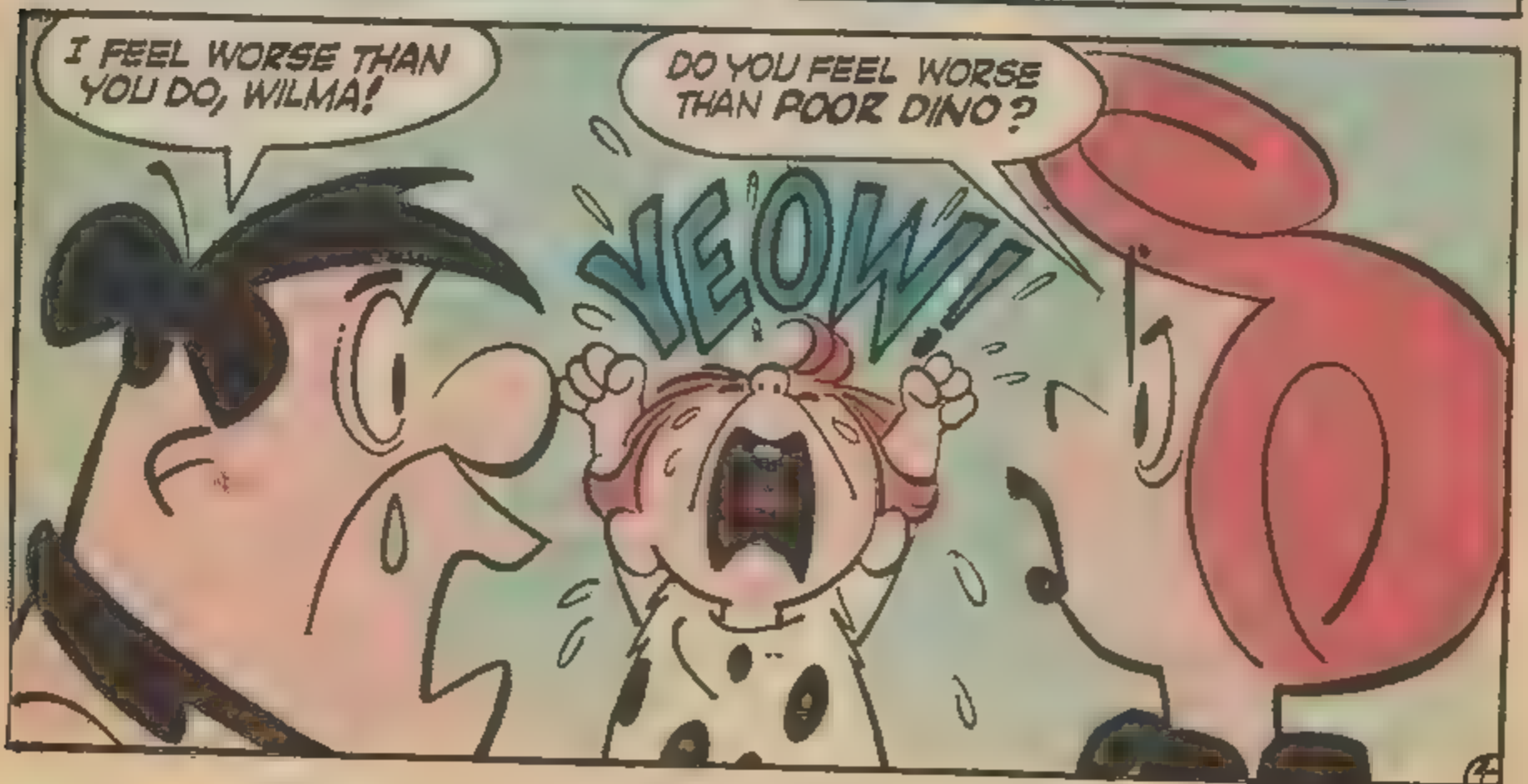
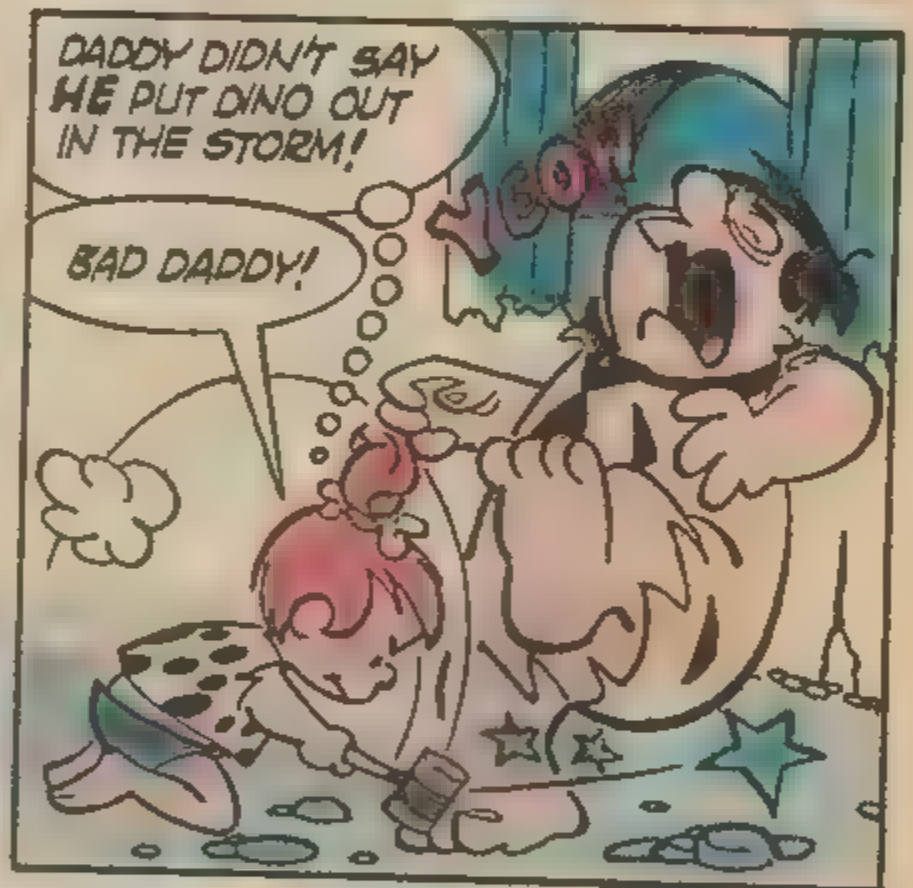
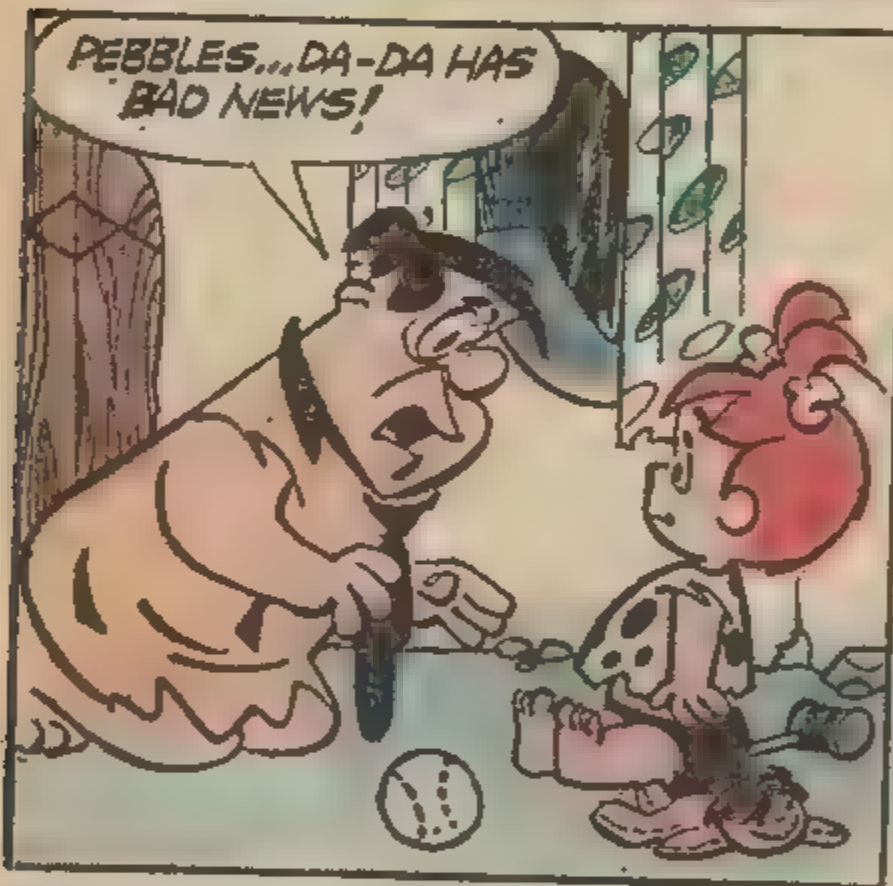
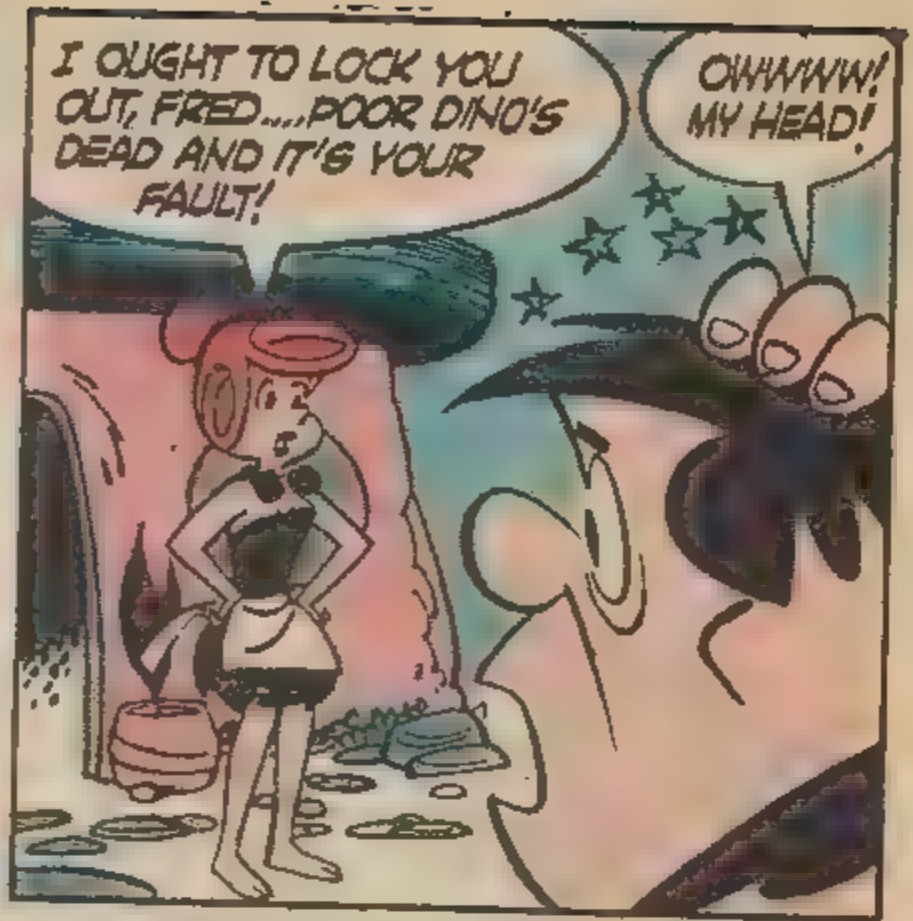
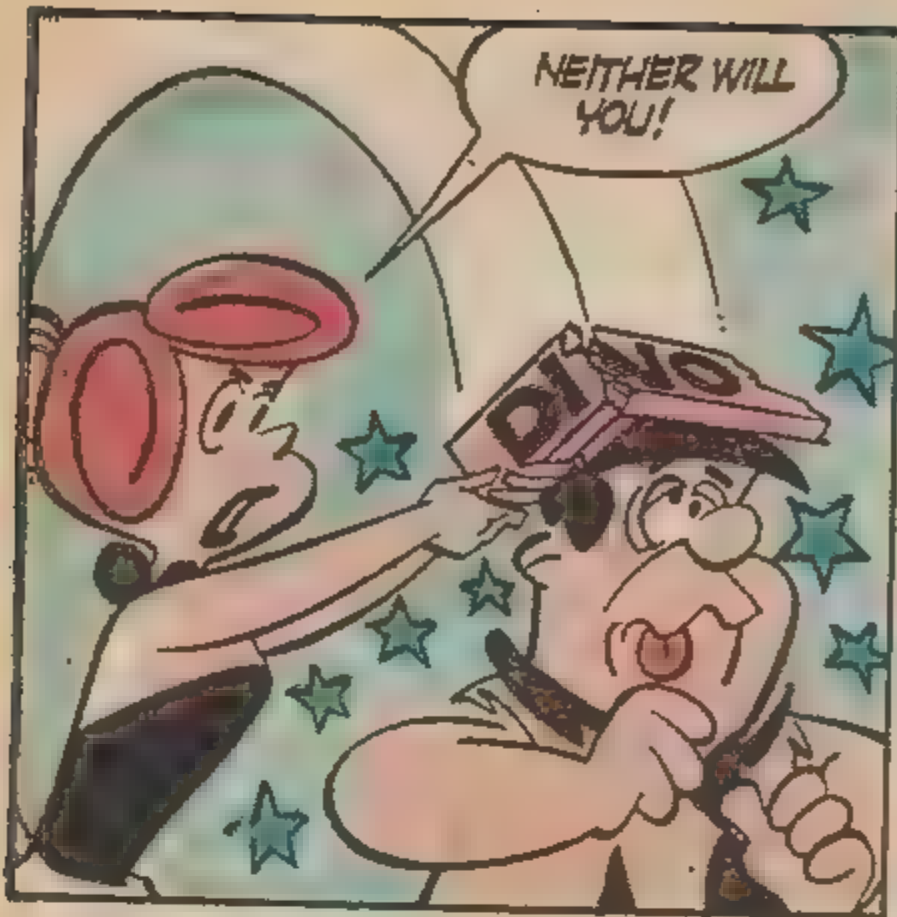




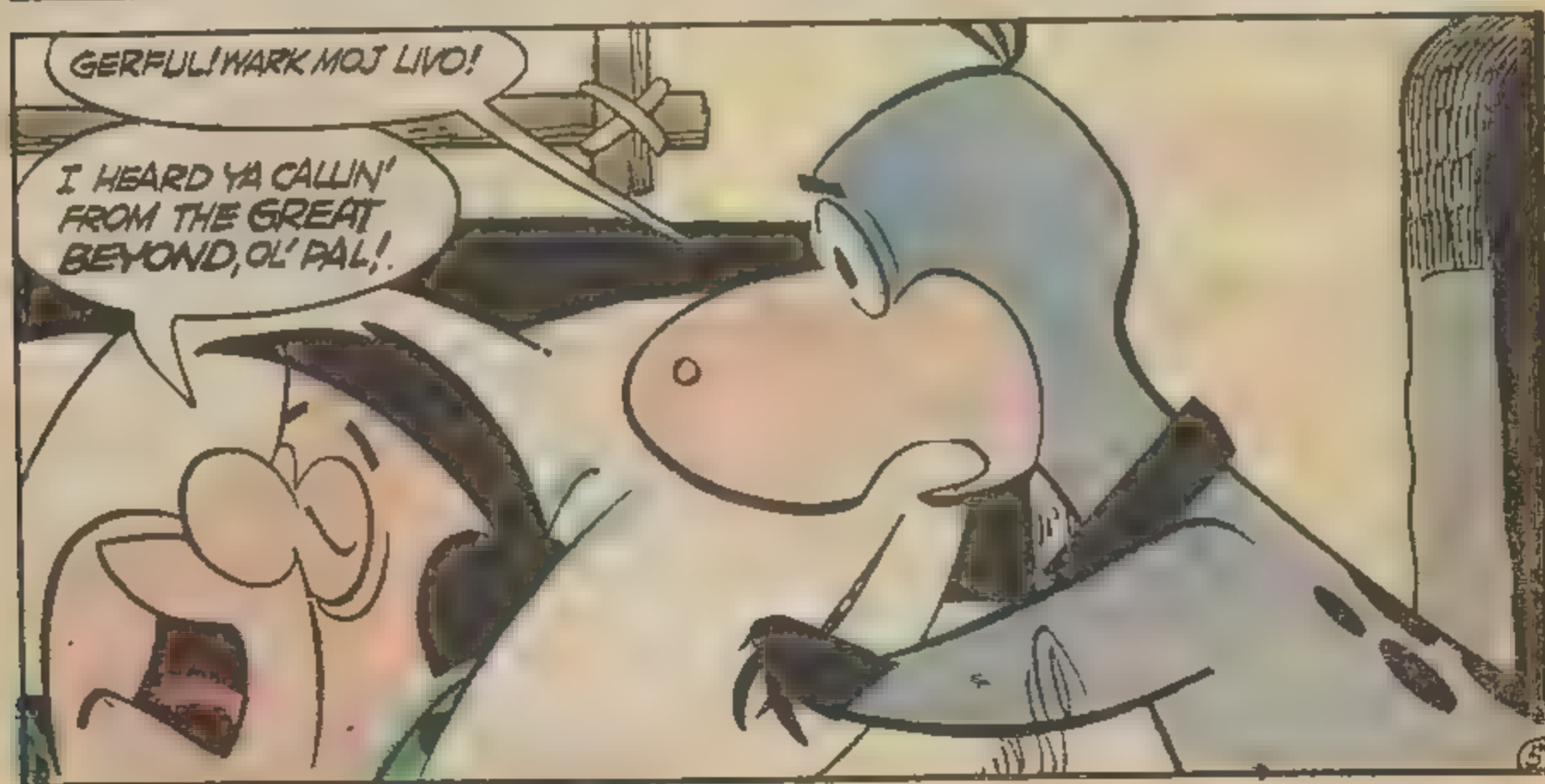
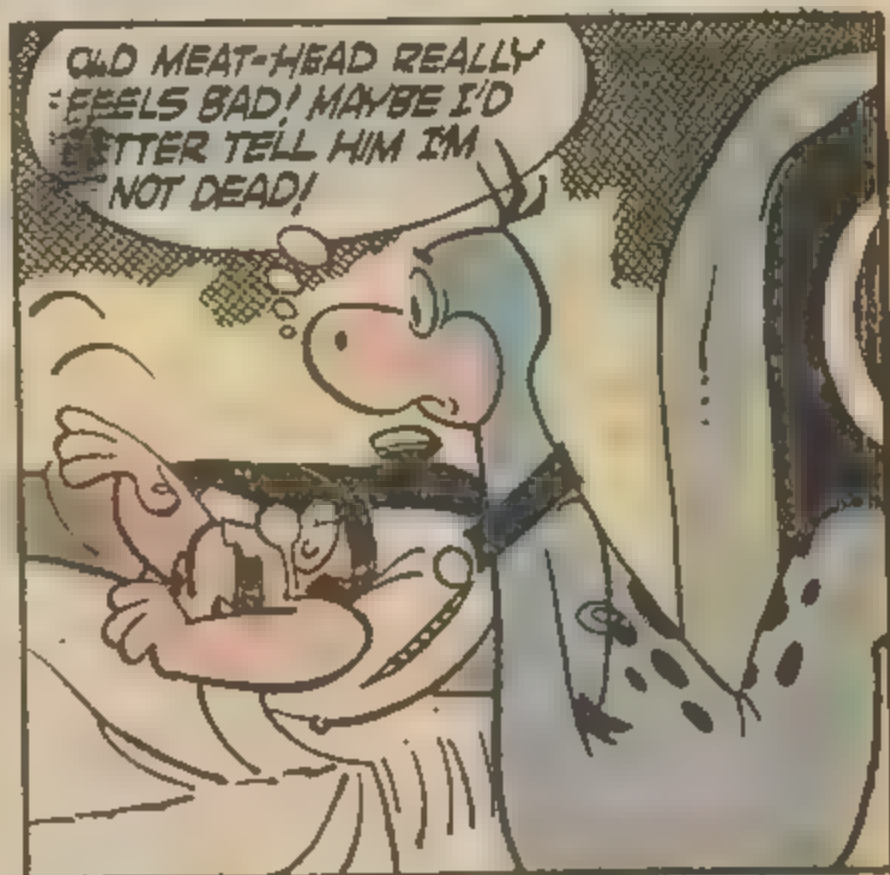
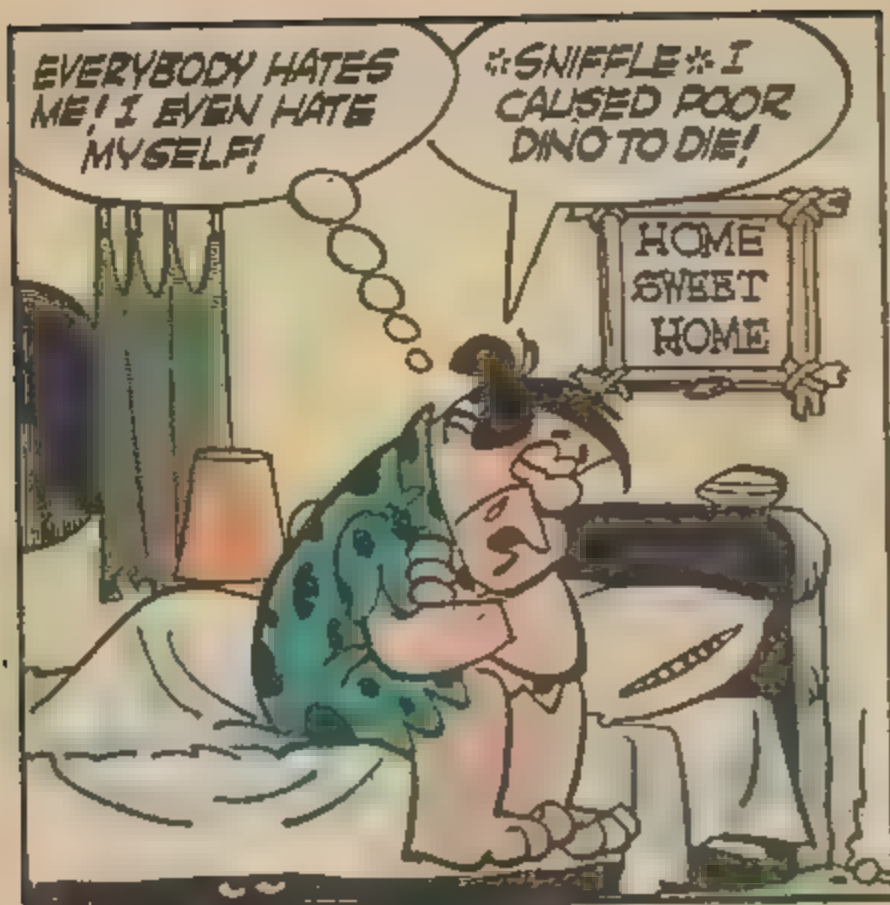


CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGE

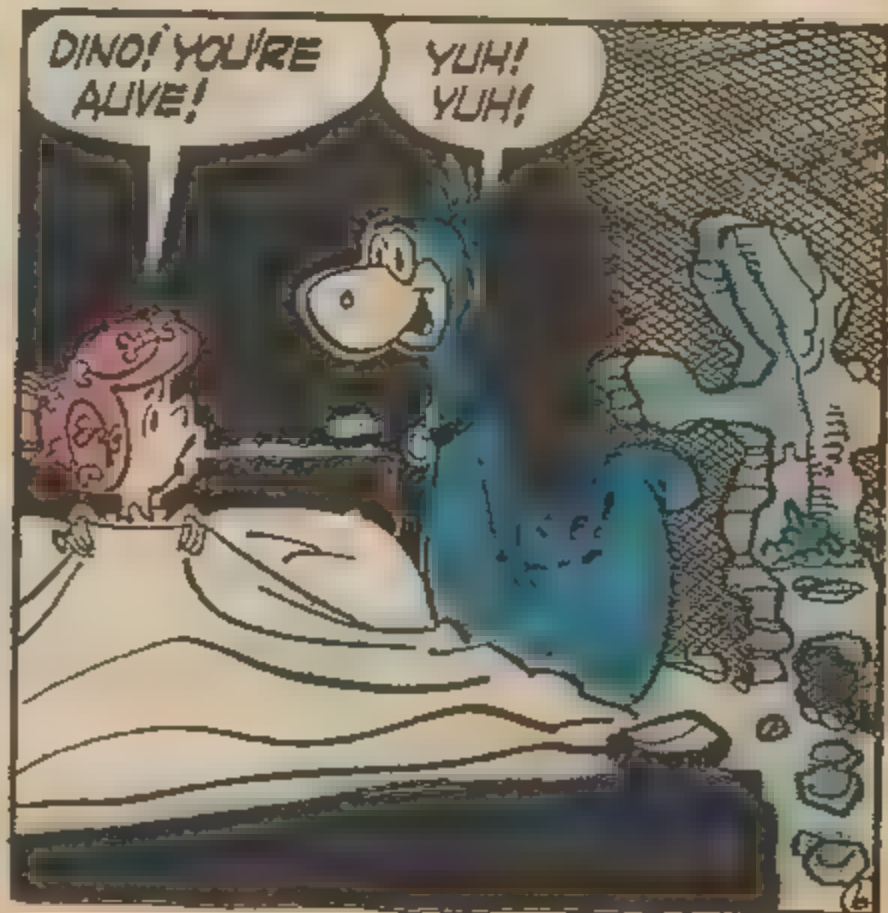
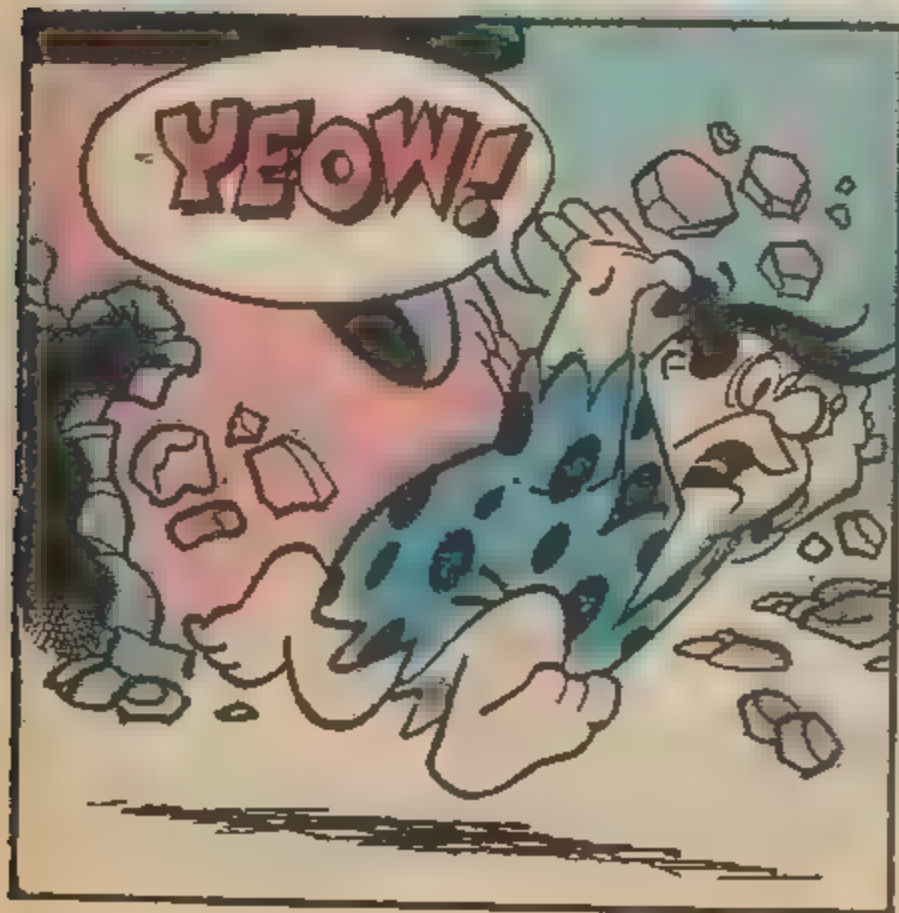
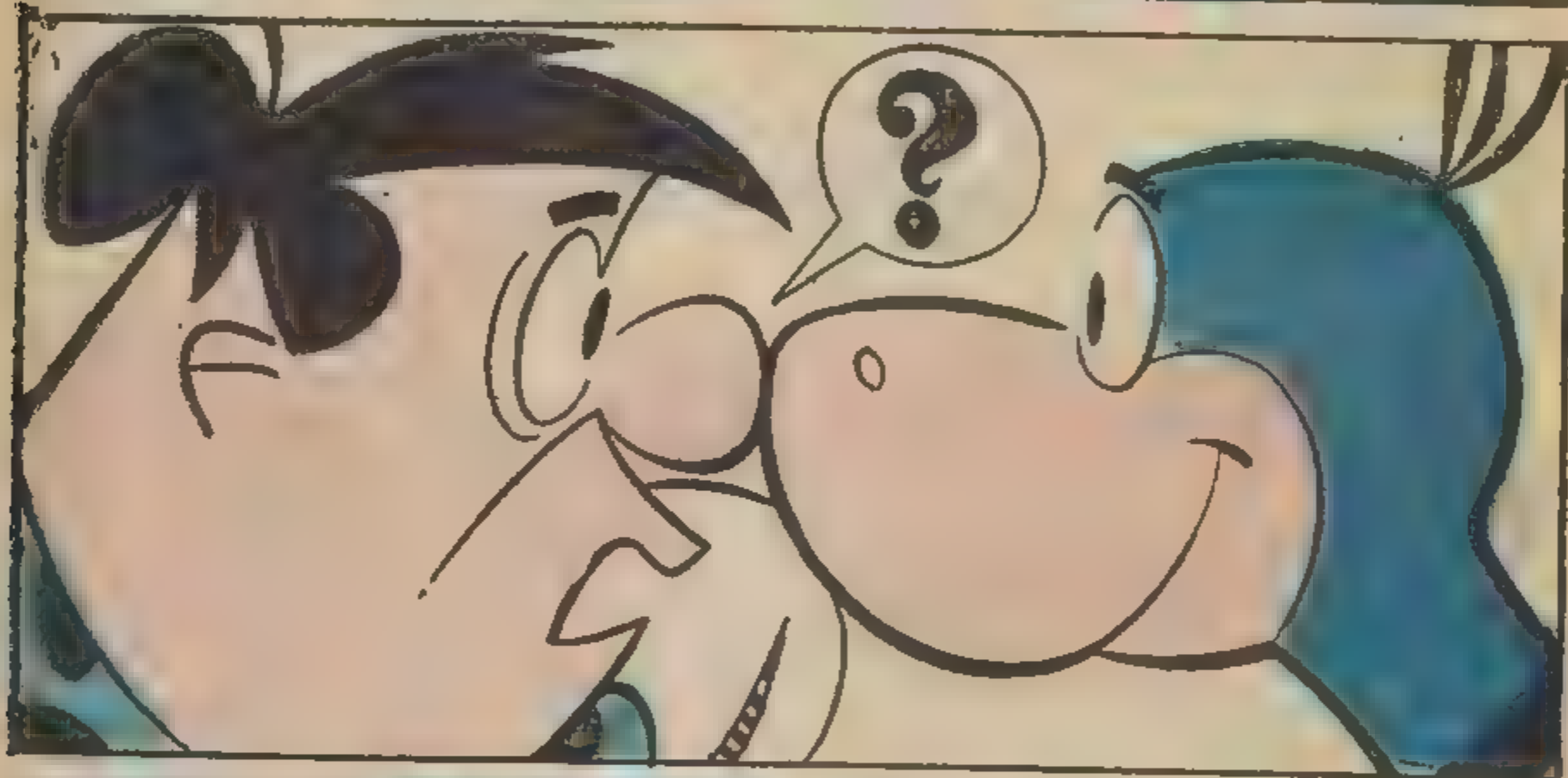




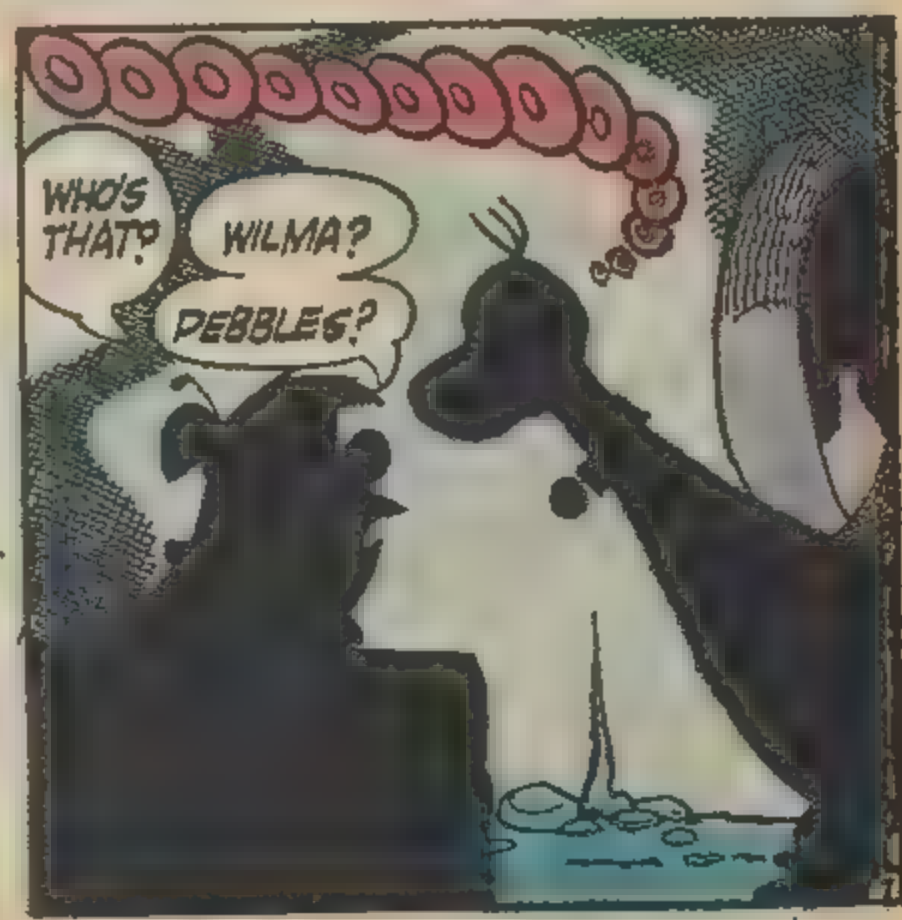
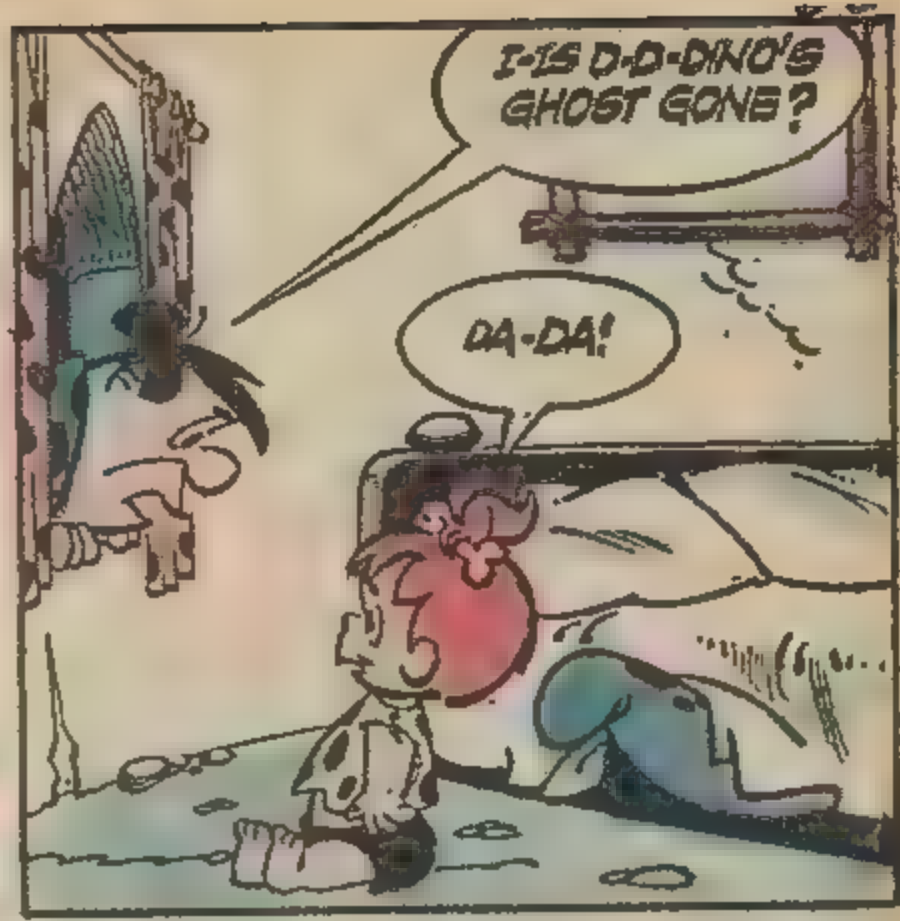
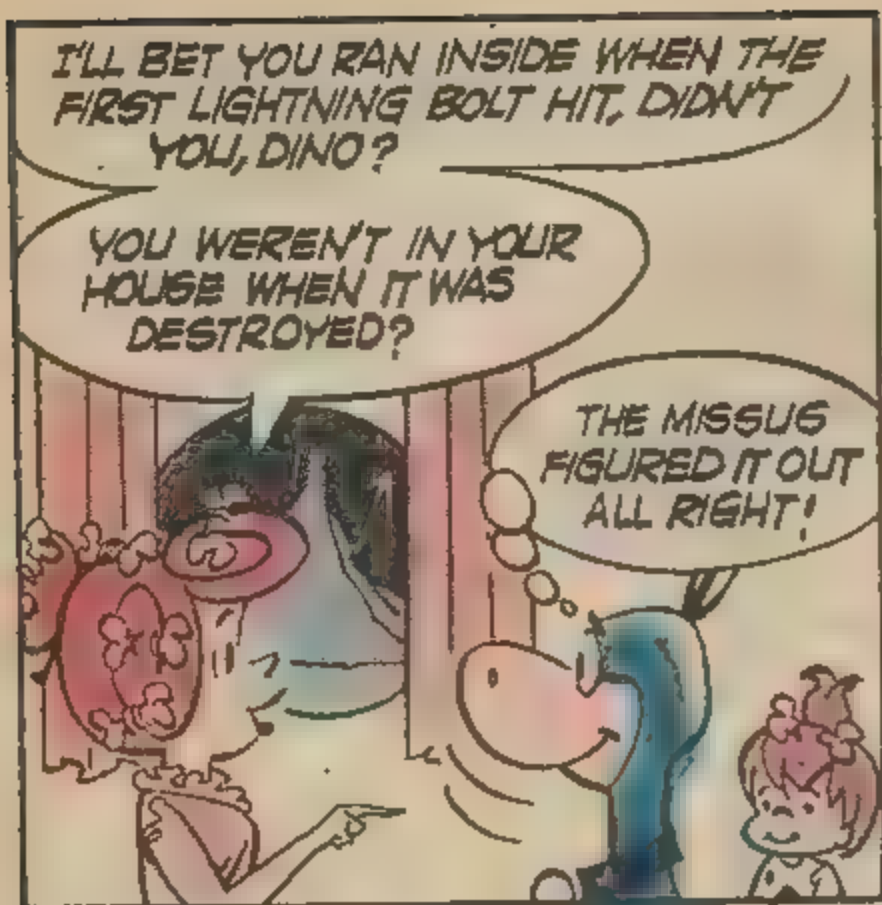




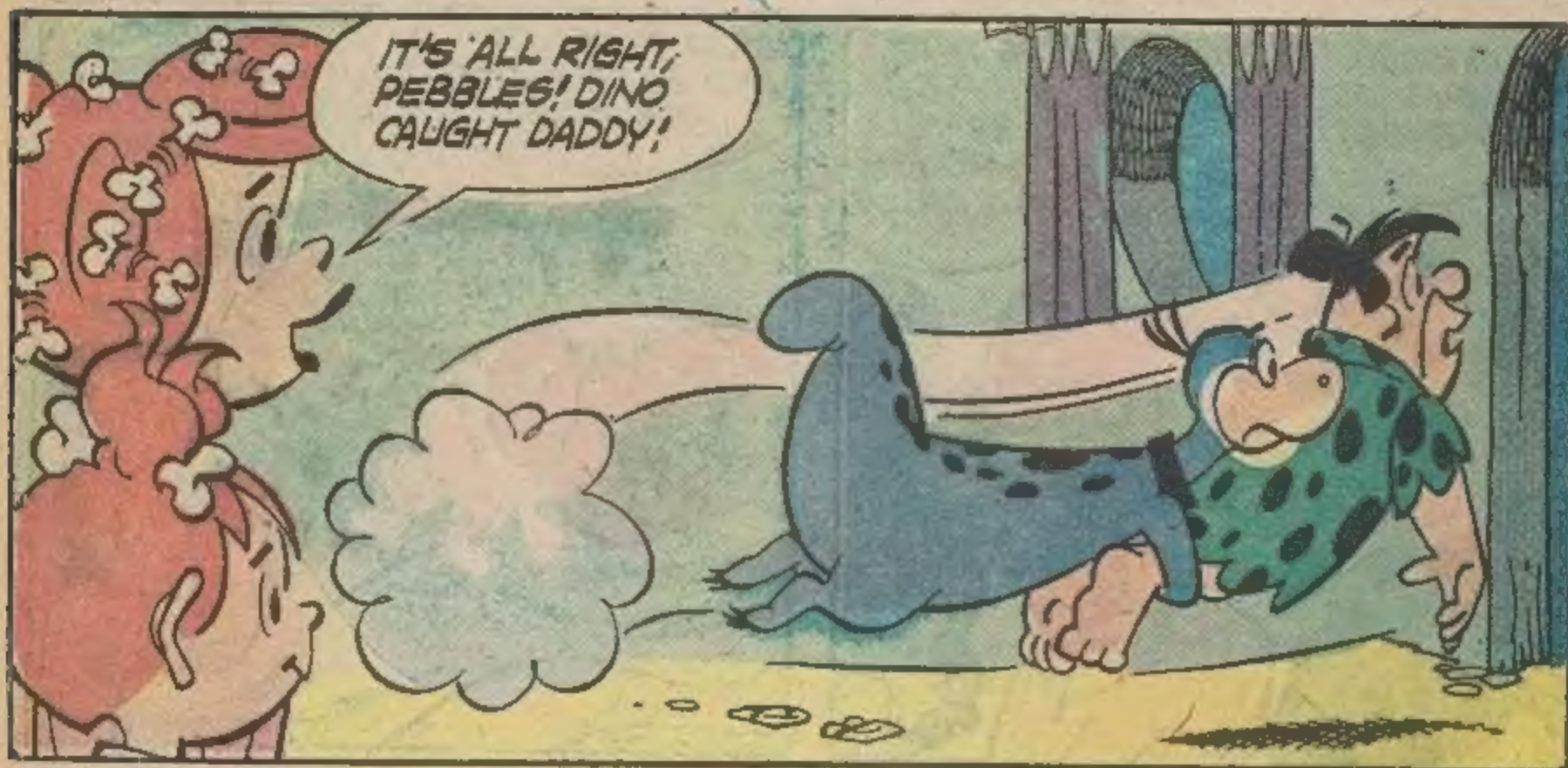






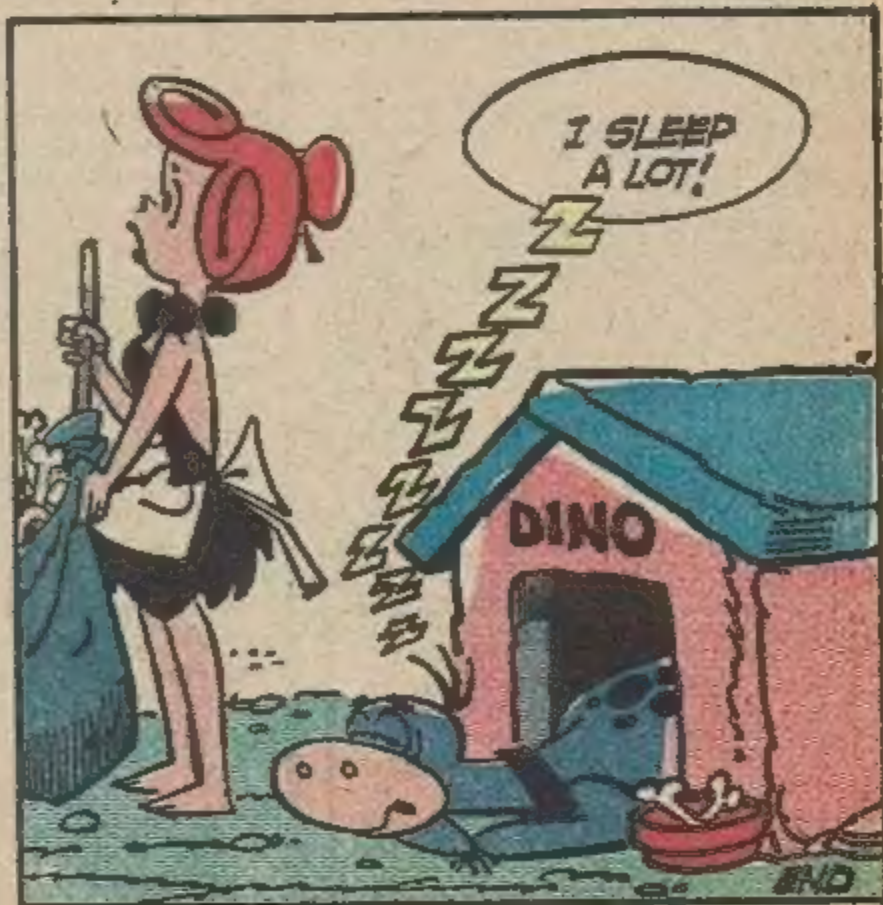
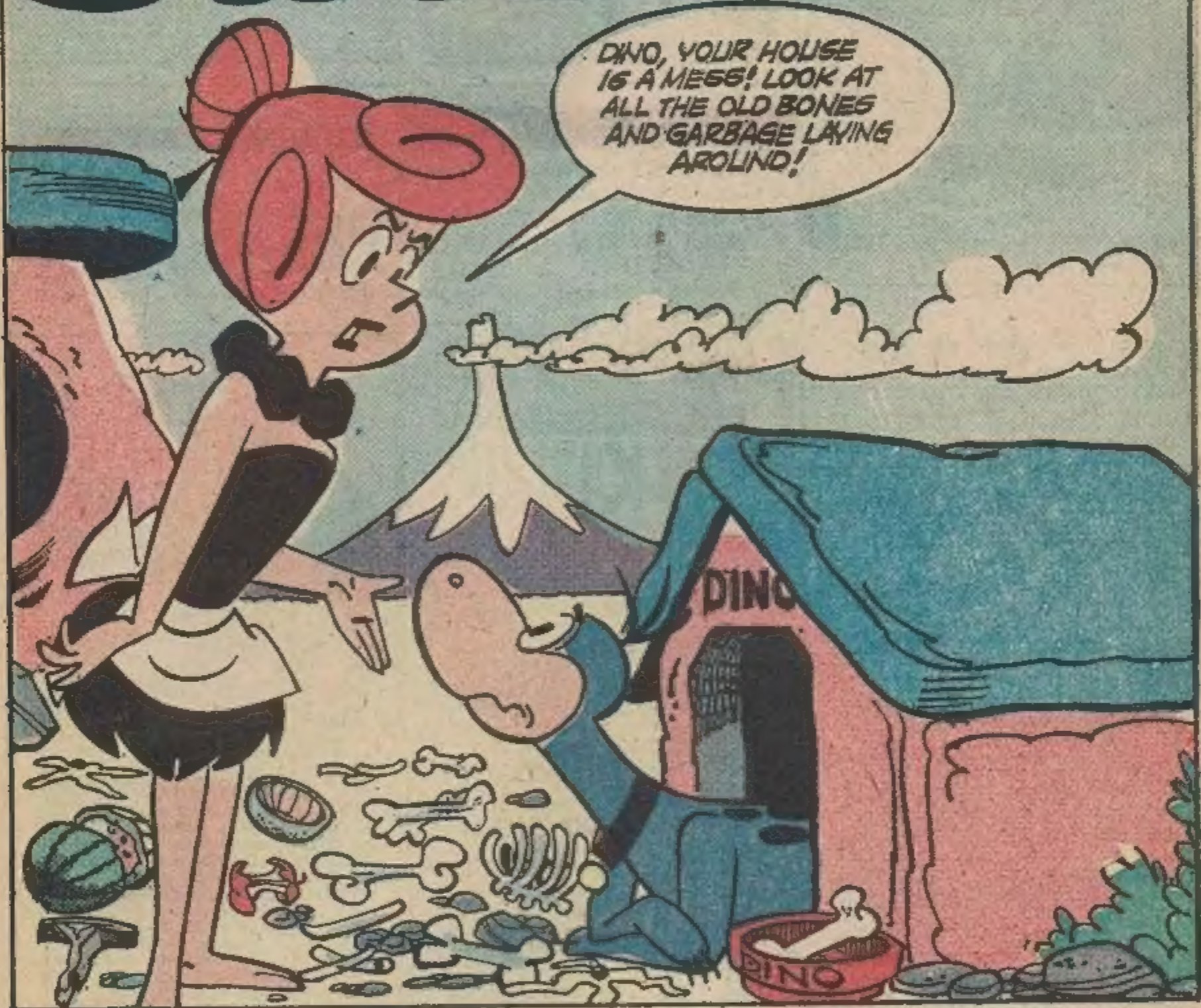






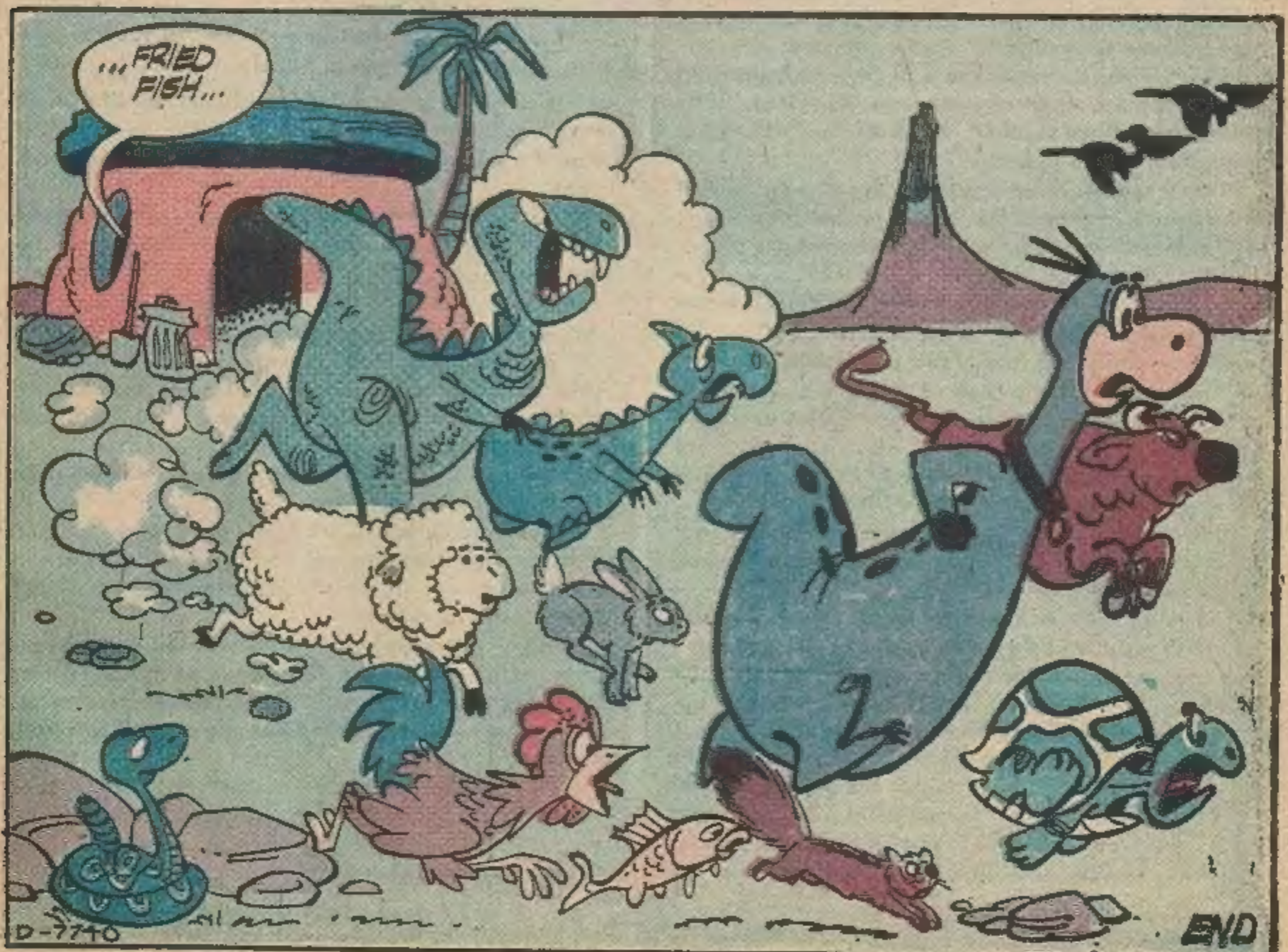


# DINO in 'THE MESS'





# DINO in "A VANISHING MEAL"





# No Bones About It

It was a beautiful, summer day and the Flintstones were having a family picnic in the backyard.

Wilma hummed a happy song as she set the picnic table. Baby Pebbles giggled cheerfully as she built sand castles in her sandbox. Fred grinned from ear to ear as he watched three, huge, thick, delicious-looking steaks sizzle on the grill. Nothing made Fred happier than knowing he was going to eat and soon.

Fred bent over and sniffed the delightful aroma of the charcoal broiled steaks. He licked his lips. Fred Flintstone, the notorious chow hound, could hardly wait to sink his teeth into those tender, juicy steaks.

Another member of the Flintstone family was also eyeing the meat on the grill. Dino the dinosaur sat near the grill and stared hypnotically at the steaks. He was so hungry that he couldn't keep his long tongue inside of his mouth. Dino drooled as he imagined how wonderful those steaks would taste.

"The table is set, Fred," said Wilma. "Are the steaks done?"

"They're just about ready," answered Fred as he poked the juicy meat with a huge fork. "Come over here and see for yourself!" Fred suggested.

Wilma walked over to the grill. She was surprised because there were three steaks instead of four. "Why did you cook three steaks?" asked Wilma. "That's not enough for a family picnic!"

"I only cooked three steaks because I only bought three steaks," snapped Fred. "There is one for you, one for Pebbles and one for me. Three steaks are all we need!"

"We need four!" corrected Wilma. "You forgot to buy a steak for Dino. He's a member of the Flintstone family, and this is a family picnic!" stated Wilma.

"That mutt doesn't deserve a steak. He's only a pet," argued Fred. "Bones, scraps and leftovers are good enough for him!" replied Fred as he took two steaks off of the grill for Wilma and Pebbles. Fred liked his well done so he let it cook a little longer.

Dino growled when he heard what Fred said. "That fat cheapskate! I'll fix him," thought Dino as he eyed Fred's steak.

The temptation of the tasty meat before him was too much to resist! When Fred turned his back to serve his wife and daughter, Dino acted! Quicker than lightning, Dino grabbed the steak and gobbled it up. Dino put the bone back on the grill for Fred.

When Fred turned around and saw the bone lying where his steak had been — his temper exploded!

"Don't be upset Fred," teased Wilma. "If scraps and bones are good enough for one member of the family, then they're good enough for another member of the

family. Enjoy your bone, dear!" Wilma was obviously on Dino's side.

"Goo Goo, Ga Ga, Da-Da!" added Pebbles which meant that she agreed with her mother.

"Dino, get out of my sight and don't ever come back!" yelled Fred who was furious. "Never darken my doorway again, you crumbly dinosaur!" ordered Fred as he pointed off into the distance.

Dino sighed sadly. He felt like crying. The dinosaur didn't want to lose his happy home, but he wasn't sorry for eating Fat Freddie's steak. Dino proudly galloped away holding his head up high. He'd find a new home. He was an intelligent dinosaur. He wasn't worried! Fred Flintstone was a bonehead for throwing him out!

Later that night, Wilma and Pebbles were crying their eyes out because they missed Dino. They wanted him back. Fred's fiery temper had cooled. He, too, wanted Dino back.

"I'll go out and find him," Fred announced. "He can't be very far away!"

"I just hope that he'll come back," sobbed Wilma. "He might have found a happier home!"

"Who would want a dumb, old dinosaur like Dino?" Fred answered. "He'll come crawling back on his hands and knees," added Fred as he walked out of the front door.

After hours of searching, Fred finally found Dino at a drive-in hamburger stand. Dino was doing tricks for the customers.

"Dino, I've come to take you home," Fred said to his pet. Dino ignored his former master.

"Get lost, Mac! That dinosaur works for me now!" said the owner of the hamburger stand. "His act is bringing in a lot of customers. I pay him by giving him all of the hamburgers he can eat. He can stay here as long as he wants to," stated the burly owner as he waved a fist in front of Fred's nose.

"Please come home, Dino," begged Fred. "Wilma, Pebbles and I miss you. If you come home, you can have steak anytime you want it. I promise you won't have to eat scraps anymore!"

Dino stopped performing. He wanted to go home because he missed the Flintstones as much as they missed him. Dino just wanted to make Fred apologize. He liked his master, barked happily and all was well between them.

"Two steak sandwiches to go!" Fred called to a waitress. Fred and Dino ate the sandwiches on the way home. They were glad to be reunited, and there were no bones about that!"